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WITHIN FIVE MINUTES OF THE NEW CENTURY.

THE IMPRESSIVE, SILENT CLOSING MOMENTS OF THE WORLD'S REVERENT WATCH-NIGHT SERVICE ON THE LAST EVENING OF THE OLD CENTURY.—DRAWN FOR "LESLIE'S WEEKLY" BY B. WEST CLINEINST.—[SEE PAGE 7.]

LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

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The Message of the Nineteenth to the Twentieth Century.

A FEW notable public and professional men were asked to contribute to LESLIE'S WEEKLY the message, or one of the messages, which they believe the nineteenth century sends to the twentieth century, now opening. Some of the best of the responses have already been printed, and others of equal interest are printed herewith. They cover a wide range of thought, and each carries with it a suggestion of vital and in some instances of startling portent. It is safe to say that no more suggestive public utterances than these will greet our readers on the opening of the new century.

Cuba in the New Century.



GENERAL FITZHUGH LEE.

CUBA stands at the portal of self-government. A constitutional convention, made up of delegates supposed to be elected by her people, is now in session at Havana, and is proceeding with deliberation, which may be a hopeful sign. The more careful the delegates are in reaching a conclusion, the more lasting the results of their work.

There are several results this convention may reach at the opening of the new century. It may declare for free Cuba, independent of the United States and the rest of the world. Our government is pledged to establish a stable government in the island, and to make this pledge good there must be some supervision of the convention's work from Washington. Whether the United States is to have a suzerainty or protectorate, or no control at all, over Cuba's affairs depends upon the form of constitution adopted, and the power under it to maintain a stable government capable of protecting life and property, and to give confidence to capital. Our government will have to consider, too, the commercial relations proposed between Cuba and the United States.

To predict the form of government to be proposed by the Convention would be premature. Everything is as yet in the conjectural stage. There is, for instance, a sentiment among Cubans that their insular government should be as full and free as that of the United States. They believe the Cubans to be capable of self-government, as enlightened and effective as any in the world. And some of them would leave the matter of commercial relations with us, to be determined at a convenient time in the future.

There are other Cubans who, while desiring absolute home rule, believe it desirable that the United States exercise some kind of protectorate and limited responsibility. These men are in favor of at once establishing with us trade relations of the closest character and sealed by imperishable agreement.

There is a third class of Cubans, who, while agreeing more or less with both of the two former propositions, believe that Cuba should first of all have her own government, and that, after this government has existed for a while, the people of the island should then apply for either partial or complete annexation. These people would desire extremely favorable trade relations from the beginning. Their principal reason for wanting a temporarily national Cuba is, that they would take pride in demonstrating to the world the ability of the insular people to provide honest and capable government.

Then there is a fourth class who are out-and-out annexationists. They believe that the great future of their people is in their complete absorption by a rich and powerful neighbor. The first three classes have each many subdivisions of opinion. This is one of the reasons why great deliberation is necessary and commendable. Whatever proposition comes to us from the constitutional convention, it is well that it should come to us as the best aspiration of the Cuban people.

At present the whole matter is in abeyance. Only one thing is certain, and that is that the United States cannot and will not step in and override any wise form of constitution or government that the people of the island decide upon. It was explicitly declared in Congress's resolutions of intervention that this country was seeking not conquest but the provision of good, just, and stable government for the Cubans. The faith of the United States is pledged, and there is every purpose of keeping that faith. In the negotiations that may be said to have started in the opening of the constitutional convention the rights of both high contracting parties should be considered and observed. In the interests of peace the plan accepted must have

(Continued on page 11.)

Why Churches Decline.

THE admitted decline of the church in its influence and membership is attracting general attention. All great church bodies are suffering from peculiarly depressing influences. Dr. J. M. Buckley, of the New York *Christian Advocate*, says it is startling that the Methodist Church should have added less than 7,000 to its membership in the United States last year, and Dr. H. K. Carroll says it is evident that all churches are passing through a period of unusual dullness.

Various reasons are given for this condition of affairs. Some attribute it to the results of the higher criticism, as affecting the authority of the Bible, others to the failure of the churches to adjust themselves to modern conditions, and still others to the churches' lack of interest in and sympathy for the great masses.

The real difficulty with the church is that it has lost its militant spirit. It is no longer forced to fight its way to success. Excepting in rare instances, such as have recently occurred in China, its disciples and preachers are not called upon to face martyrdom. No sermons are heard upon the Mount or in the wilderness. Massive cathedrals, costly edifices, beautiful rituals, enchanting music, all indicate that the taste for luxury common to the age has permeated the church. An architect in New York has calculated that the cost of the steeples on the churches of that city, invested at six per cent., would annually realize more than the entire appropriation of the Methodist Church for its missions in China.

Instead of competing for souls, many churches have entered into a competition to see which shall obtain the most eloquent preachers, the most costly cathedrals, the finest singers, the most expensive chimes, and the largest membership among the wealthy and the leaders of society. Instead of the free church of the early days, we have a system of pew rents and constant calls for contributions for the support of innumerable benevolences, missions, and moral and religious enterprises, as well as for the support of the minister and the choir, the payment of interest on church debts, and the infinite variety of expenditures involved in the maintenance of commodious structures. While the ministers preach the gospel of economy and an unselfish life, the church buildings, costly as they are, are used really for but one great service during the week, and that is the leading service of the Sunday. During the remainder of the week the magnificent pile of masonry and decorative work is in too many instances as useless as a toll-gate on an abandoned turnpike.

Thoughtful and practical men in some of our great churches, realizing this situation and the fact that the support of the churches as thus conducted is becoming an onerous burden, are in favor of building churches that can be rented for lecture and other purposes throughout the week, and utilized for the service of God on the Sabbath or on any other chosen day. There is no reason why every church should not only be self-sustaining, but self-supporting. This would mean free pews, less frequent demands for collections, and a return to the church which the Master established when he preached by the seaside, in the wilderness, and on the mount, and even fed the hungry multitude that gathered first of all to satisfy their souls with spiritual bread.

Another fault of the church is that it lacks the strenuous life. It does not assert itself. It is not difficult to ascertain whether a man in these days is a Democrat or a Republican. The badges of the party are openly worn during the heat of every Presidential campaign. But where is the badge of the church? Why should the church-member wear it? In what struggle is he engaged that calls for an assertion of his faith?

If political parties did not engage in political battles they would speedily cease to exist and their membership blend into each other. The warfare against sin cannot succeed unless it is waged as every struggle must be—with earnestness and strength. The battle must be sufficiently vigorous to make men openly take sides and proclaim their allegiance. What could not the churches in our great cities do if their membership were united for the common good? This membership includes, beyond question, the majority of those who represent the wealth, respectability, and the influence of every community.

Does any one question that, unitedly, this element could control and easily dominate the situation? Are the Sunday papers or the saloons an evil? It could crush them. Is the so-called sacred concert on Sunday nights in our great cities an outrage on everything sacred? Let the church membership say so, prove it, and end it. Is vice flaunting its red lights in the tenement-house districts and on our side-streets, threatening the morals of the young and contaminating everything? Let the church membership overwhelm with disgrace the men who tolerate such a condition of affairs. Could this not be done at the primaries, when candidates are nominated, or at the polls if unfit men were put in the field? Beyond all question.

As political parties make public proclamation of their principles and purposes, and, by processions and enthusiastic meetings in public halls, on the stump, and in the street, arouse public sentiment and win political control, so could the forces representing religious beliefs, if they were united, determined, and eager for the fray, accomplish results as unexpected as they would be amazing.

What the churches need is an awakening from the slumber of repose; a leader to sound the battle-cry. Where is the man?

A Far-reaching Suggestion.

THE timely suggestion in the admirable report of Postmaster-General Smith, in favor of an extension of rural free-delivery, has a direct bearing upon a question of great interest which has puzzled many thoughtful men, and that is, "Why are people in the rural districts leaving the farms and flocking to the cities?" The isolation of the farmers' boys and girls in this age of rush, crush, and hurry is severely felt by them. The activities as much as the opportunities of life in our cities are inviting to the country lad. The desire to be in touch with these is the natural result of a commendable ambition. In these days of spreading railroad communication, when the trolley-car supplements the steam-car everywhere, the isolation of the farmer is not nearly as great as it was a few years ago, and the extension of the rural delivery system by the Post-office Department is rapidly remov-

ing the sense of distance which has added so much to the loneliness of those who are buried in country life. If the suggestion of Postmaster-General Smith for practically a daily delivery of mail at every door in the United States could be carried out, there is no doubt that his conclusion would be justified that the expenditure would be more than repaid by the increase in the value of farms and the checking of migration from country to town. If \$12,000,000 a year would establish such a daily delivery, we believe the people would be much better satisfied to have that amount thus expended than to have it voted to subsidize the shipping interest. If political leaders, who, in these days, apparently listen only to appeals made from the political standpoint, cannot appreciate the value of the Postmaster-General's suggestion, then they are indeed blind to the realities of the situation.

The Plain Truth.

A SHAFT of light is thrown across the "tipping" abuse by the refusal of a Chicago waiter to accept the offer of a new employment at an advance of \$40 per month in his regular income on the ground that he was making much more on the "tips" which he received in his present place. In spite of the occasional vigorous protests which the American public makes against our petty extortion practiced under the guise of "tips" in hotels, restaurants, sleeping-cars and other places, the evil appears to be on the increase rather than otherwise. It is difficult to understand how self-respecting employers and the heads of great and wealthy corporations who are abundantly able, if not willing, to pay their employés good wages, can permit their patrons to be annoyed and imposed upon by the collection of "tips."

Contracts for \$50,000,000 for new battle-ships have just been awarded by the Secretary of the Navy; the proposed increase in the regular army will almost quadruple the expenditures heretofore required for this branch of the public service; the new River and Harbor bill, now being patched up in Congress, provides appropriations which will approximate one hundred million dollars; it is proposed to erect a Palace of Justice in Washington, to cost \$7,000,000, and to spend \$2,000,000 in enlarging the White House; bills to pay claims growing out of the war, largely from the South, are in preparation which will call, it is said, for over a hundred million dollars. Is there to be no end to this sort of thing? There is a surplus of revenues, but how long will it last if these propositions bear their legitimate fruit? Does the Republican party realize that control means responsibility? Is it not enough that it has such great and costly enterprises on hand as the Nicaragua Canal and the subsidy bill which in twenty years are calculated to take two hundred million dollars from the Treasury? Can any party go before a people, oppressed with taxes and demanding public economies, and expect their support based on the hope of their forgetfulness or forgiveness, or both? The campaign of 1904 ought to begin now.

It is scarcely credible that Chairman Aldrich, of the Senate Finance Committee, one of the most conservative, experienced, and best-trained men in the public service at Washington, is, as reported, in favor of continuing the tax on bank-checks, on the ground that it does not impose a burden upon the people. Of all the petty taxes levied under the war-revenue measure, none touches the intelligent, prudent masses more sharply than the tax on bank-checks. Instead of taxing a man for keeping a bank account, Congress should encourage the opening of bank accounts on every hand. The number of such accounts in this country is growing daily. While in the large cities small accounts are not desired by the banks, they are eagerly sought for in minor communities, where the greatest number of banks in the aggregate will be found. A man who keeps a bank account is usually intelligent and discriminating. It does not follow, as the populists argue, that because he keeps such an account he is a bloated bond-holder or a self-satisfied monopolist. The conclusion is rather justified that he is honest and frugal. To tax the transactions of such a man with the banks is to discriminate against thrifty and intelligent people. The men who must pay this tax will not be reconciled to any action that relieves the obligations of the tobacco, beer, and whiskey dealers, and does not lift a finger to lighten the burdens of the business man with a bank account. Republican leaders who will be held responsible for the action of Congress may not appreciate these facts, but they are none the less pertinent.

The startling upheaval in the police department of New York City, caused by Chief Devery's "shake-up" of the force, is publicly said to have been in the interests of the gamblers, pool-sellers, and houses of vileness, which are alleged to have a community of interest with Tammany Hall. The earthquake seems to have also shaken up the Democratic boss of Brooklyn, Hugh McLaughlin, a number of whose personal friends and some of whose relatives have suffered by the wholesale transfers from one precinct to another that Chief Devery had ordered. Only a few weeks ago this same McLaughlin had it in his power at the Democratic State convention at Saratoga to join forces with Senator Hill and wrest the control of the Democracy from Boss Croker and his Tammany satellites. That was the opportunity of his life, but the Brooklyn boss, either moved by fear of Tammany Hall or by the desire for a greater share in the public patronage, or by both, refused to make the fight for the nomination of Controller Coler, and abandoned this gentleman at the last moment to the tender mercies of Tammany's henchmen. Little sympathy will therefore be felt at this juncture when the Brooklyn boss receives just the sort of treatment he might have expected and which he undoubtedly deserved. The scandal involved in these wholesale police transfers, however, emphasizes the absolute necessity for the passage of the bill suggested by Senator Platt and indorsed by thoughtful Republican leaders throughout the State, to completely reorganize the police force of New York City. The emergency demands the prompt passage of an effective measure of this kind, and we trust that the clamor of a few so-called "reformers," who fail to recognize the necessity for heroic action, will not divert attention from one of the greatest of our public scandals, or change in one iota the purpose of Senator Platt, Governor-elect Odell, and other leaders to summarily put an end to it.

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PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT

—THE newspapers of the country express genuine and general satisfaction with the recent appointment, by the President, of Colonel Charles S.

Francis, editor and owner of the *Troy (N. Y.) Times*, to be minister to Greece, Roumania, and Serbia. Colonel Francis was born in Troy, and was graduated from Cornell University, where he won the single-scull championship on several occasions. While representing Cornell he also won the intercollegiate single-scull championship on Saratoga Lake in 1876, and made a record that still stands unchallenged. His father was the late John M. Francis, who founded the *Troy*

Times in 1851, and who was honored by appointment as minister to Greece, afterward to Portugal, and finally to Austria. When Colonel Francis, after his graduation from Cornell, entered his father's office he thoroughly mastered every department of the printer's trade and of the editorial profession. On his father's death he became the sole owner of the paper, which is one of the most valuable and influential in the State. He had never sought or held public office, and it is a singular coincidence that he is of the same age as was his father when the latter, thirty years ago, was appointed by President Grant as minister to Greece. Colonel Francis was secretary to his father while the latter resided in Greece, and speaks the continental languages with great fluency. His military title comes from his appointment on the staff of Governor Cornell. He also served in the national guard of the State for eleven years, on the staff of the late Major-General Carr. He is chairman of the executive committee of the National Republican Editorial Association, and is widely recognized as one of the most prominent and successful members of his profession.

= Possibly no song ever composed made so much money for its author as Sir Arthur Sullivan's noble composition of "The Lost Chord." Mr. Rockwood, the well-known photographer, is also a singer, and was for many years well known as a tenor. He appeared with such notables as Adelaide Phillips, Ole Bull, and other artists of their time, and he still takes an active interest and participation in music. Speaking of the death of Sir Arthur, Mr. Rockwood narrates the following interesting incident: "I was the tenor of that famous Plymouth Church quartette, consisting of Emma Thursby, Antoinette Sterling, Jules Lumbard, and myself, all alive and now singing. We soon lost Miss Thursby and Madame Sterling, both drawn away by that golden chord which is so potent.

Madame Sterling went to London, and very quickly shared popularity with the lamented Sims Reeves. She literally had the London music world at her feet. One of her greatest admirers and friends was Arthur Sullivan, who brought to her the original manuscript of 'The Lost Chord.' That song, above all others, indicates the great soul power of Sullivan, and tells us that he wrote as much from the heart as from the brain. He made with Madame Sterling the usual business arrangement in vogue in London of a commission on the sales, if it became, through her, a popular song. In one of my visits to her home in Stanhope Place, near Hyde Park, London, she told me that her income that year from this song was one thousand pounds (five thousand dollars), and had been that each year since the song was written! If that was her royalty what must have been the profits to composer and publishers? She that night invited me to Covent Garden Theatre, where I had the honor of sitting beside Jenny Lind, listening to Beethoven's Heroic Symphony, conducted by Arthur Sullivan, the singing by Madame Sterling of 'The Lost Chord,' with orchestral accompaniment, and a triple encore of the great singer at half-past eleven o'clock!"

= Yale is supreme in the foot-ball field, but in oratory the New Haven men have to give way to those from Cambridge. The recent annual debate between Yale and Harvard resulted in a great victory for the latter, which was celebrated with red fire and music and a most enthusiastic outpouring of the young men of both colleges. The judges of the debate were Hon. W. R. Hornblower, Judge Addison Brown, and Hon. Oscar S. Straus, and they gave a unanimous decision for the Crimson

after listening to one of the best discussions so far heard on the question: "Resolved, That the permanent retention of the Philippine Islands by the United States is desirable." Harvard had the affirmative, being represented by R. C. Bruce, '02; H. P. Chandler, '01; and M. Seasongood, '01. Yale's speakers on the negative were C. W. Merriam, '01; M. Trowbridge, '02; and F.



THE VICTORIOUS HARVARD DEBATERS.
Photograph by the Notman Photograph Company.

H. Sincerbeaux, '02. The decision of the judges made the eighth oratorical victory for Harvard since these debates began, eleven years ago. Bruce, the young Harvard colored orator, was at his best, and electrified his hearers by his evident sincerity, his power, and his grace in delivery. Merriam, of Yale, was a close second, but his talk was more emotional than Bruce's, and led him to make some sweeping assertions, more suited to the political stump than the college rostrum.

= There is at least one citizen of the United States who will hereafter repudiate the cynical maxim of Horace Walpole, that

"every man has his price." That man is the Indiana contractor who, it is alleged, attempted to bribe Governor Longino, of Mississippi, one day last month. He found, to his surprise and discomfiture, that the chief executive of Mississippi is a man who has no price for the betrayal of the trust which the people have imposed upon him. The Indiana man, so the story goes, went to Jackson to try and secure the \$1,000,000 contract for erect-

ing the new State-house. One day he procured a private audience with Governor Longino. To the Governor the man said that he knew the mode of procedure in securing a public contract, and then offered the chief executive any sum in reason if he would see that the job of building the capitol went to the "man from Indiana." To this infamous proposition the Governor replied by summoning a policeman, who haled the seductive Indianian before a judge, where he was placed under heavy bonds for trial on the charge of attempted bribery. The extreme penalty for this offense in Mississippi is ten years in the penitentiary and a \$1,000 fine. If the contractor had been as well acquainted with the character and history of Governor Longino as he should have been he never would have played with the lightning and brought himself into his present miserable predicament. The Governor of Mississippi put himself on record in his inaugural message last January as a man sternly opposed to the waste or misuse of public funds in any form, and in favor of holding every public official to the strictest accountability for the performance of every public duty. And he has himself lived up to that standard in every particular.

= The picturesue Governor of Michigan, known among the irreverent as "Potato" Pingree, has stirred up another sensation in the peninsular State. The cause of it this time is pardons and not potatoes. Two military officials of the State were convicted a few days ago on the charge of defrauding the State out of a large amount of money during the Spanish-American war. These men were Generals White and Marsh. But before either one of the convicted officials had begun to serve his term in prison they were pardoned by Governor Pingree. According to press reports this action of the Governor has excited intense indignation throughout Michigan, many regarding it as an unjustifiable interference with the course of justice. General White is said to be a greater culprit than Marsh. He was



GENERAL WILLIAM S. WHITE, CONVICTED OF MILITARY SWINDLING AND PARDONED BY GOVERNOR PINGREE, OF MICHIGAN.

indignation throughout Michigan, many regarding it as an unjustifiable interference with the course of justice. General White is said to be a greater culprit than Marsh. He was

quartermaster-general of the State troops during the war mentioned and Governor Pingree's chief military adviser. He was charged with defrauding the State by selling military stores, while a member of the military board, for \$10,500, and afterward purchasing the same goods for \$60,000, he and his associates pocketing the difference. White fled from the State, but his friends made up the amount of his deficit and he returned and pleaded guilty. Marsh stood trial and was convicted.

= Not in many a day have turf circles on both sides of the Atlantic had a more interesting and exciting case before them

for discussion than that of the famous American jockey, Tod Sloane, who was charged some time ago with certain irregular practices on the English turf, for which his disbarment was called for. The first result of these accusations was the cancellation of a contract with the Prince of Wales to ride in the royal colors, a step readily agreed to by Sloane, it is said, on the advice of prominent English friends and backers who believed him innocent, but who realized,

nevertheless, that the movement against him was too strong to be resisted. In the meanwhile, an investigation was in progress by the English Jockey Club, which resulted in the announcement, on December 6th, that Sloane had been found guilty, as charged, and would be denied another license in England. This has been followed by similar action on the part of a leading jockey club in France. The California Jockey Club has also decided that it will not permit Sloane to ride there until after he is reinstated by the English racing stewards. Thus, apparently, the career ends of one of the most brilliant and successful turf riders of recent times. Tod Sloane has been acknowledged king among his kind on both sides of the Atlantic, and some of the greatest turf triumphs of the day have been won under his skilled whip and spur.

= The recent reunion of the United Presbyterians and the Free Church of Scotland is the most conspicuous event in the current history of the world's religious life. Rev. Robert Rainy, D.D., who for thirty-eight years has been principal of New College, or Divinity School, in Edinburgh, is the first moderator of the reunited Presbyterian denominations. His history recalls that of many Scottish leaders who represent periods and movements in the Scottish Church. John Knox represents the Reformation, 1525-75; Andrew Melville, the introduction of a purer Presbyterianism, 1575-1638; Alexander Henderson and Samuel Rutherford, the Solemn

THE REV. DR. RAINY, FIRST MODERATOR OF THE REUNITED PRESBYTERIAN DENOMINATIONS.

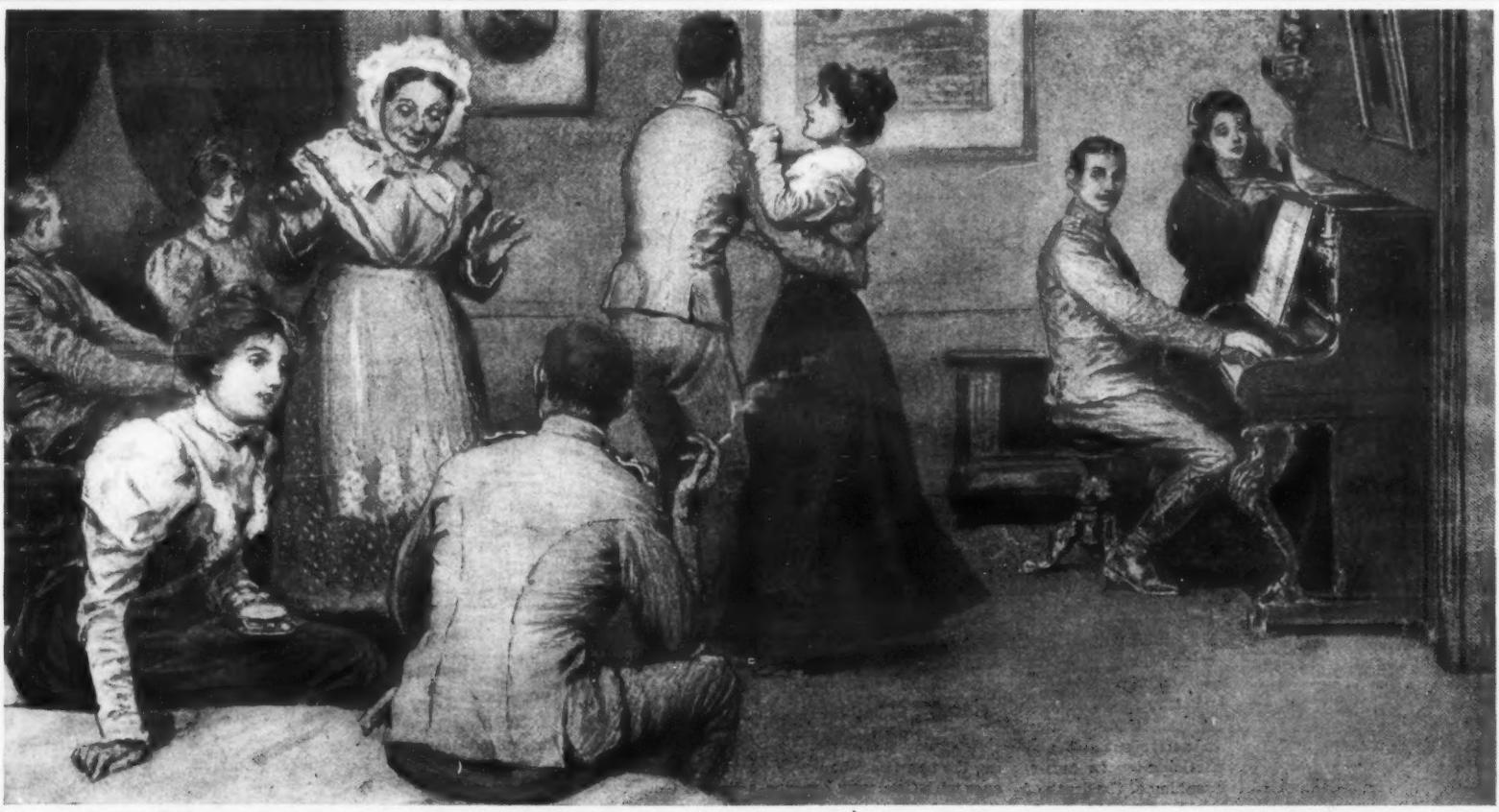
League and Covenant and Westminster Confession, 1638-60; Archbishops Robert Leighton and Sharpe, the enforcement of Episcopacy upon Scotland, 1660-88; William Carstares, the restoration of Presbyterianism, 1690; Ebenezer Erskine, the tendencies to disruption, 1734; William Robertson, the moderation of the Established Church, 1750-1840; Alexander Duff, who identified himself with the Free Church of Scotland, the spirit of missions; Thomas Chalmers, the Free Church, 1843. The leader in the Free Church movement, at the time of its origin, who became best known in the United States was the late president of Princeton College (now University), Rev. James McCosh, D.D., LL.D. That church originated because of the abuse of patronage and the interference in religious affairs of the civil courts. When those courts shut the doors of certain churches such men as Drs. Chalmers and Gordon went and preached in the barns and fields. The issue came in 1843, in the General Assembly at Edinburgh. The question was: Will these four hundred non-intrusionists secede from the Established Church? Dr. Welsh, the moderator, took the chair, and calmly said that the assembly could not be properly constituted without violating the terms of union between church and state. He read a protest against any further proceedings, bowed to the representative of the crown, stepped down into the aisle, and walked toward the door. Chalmers seized his hat, took the new departure, and after him went more than four hundred more ministers, with a host of elders. A cheer burst from the galleries. In the street the crowd parted, and admired the heroic procession as it passed. Lord Jeffrey was sitting in his room quietly reading when some one rushed in, saying: "What do you think? More than four hundred of them have gone out." Springing to his feet, he exclaimed: "I'm proud of my country. There is not another land on earth where such a deed could have been done." The successors and descendants of those men have shown an equal courage and Christian spirit in their reunion. Principal Rainy becomes at once the leading figure in Presbyterian Scotland. Edinburgh, the city of division, has become the city of reunion.



THE DIFFICULTIES OF GETTING A GLASS OF FRESH MILK IN THE TRANSVAAL.



REMINGTON SCOUTS ENJOYING ALL THE COMFORTS OF HOME
IN A BOER MANSION WHICH THEY HAVE LOOTED.
From a Stereoscopic Photograph by Underwood & Underwood.—Copyright, 1900.



THE BRITISH OFFICERS CAPTIVATE BOER YOUNG LADIES AT PRETORIA.



HOSPITALITY LADIES FURNISHING HOT TEA FOR BRITISH SOLDIERS WHO ARE PURSUING DE WET.

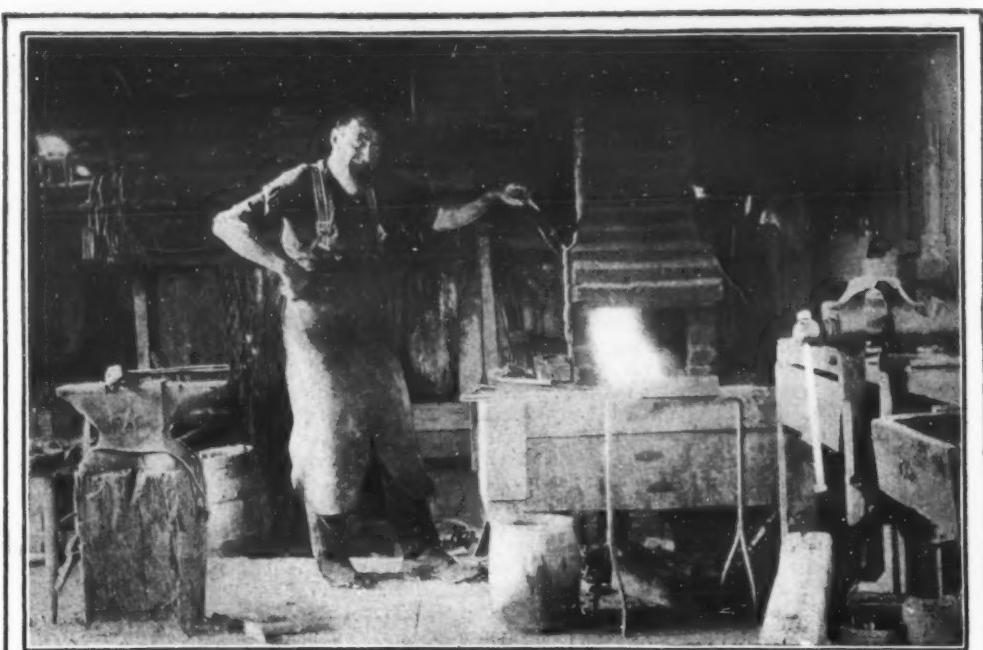
THE BRIGHTER SIDE OF THE BOER WAR.

GLEAMS

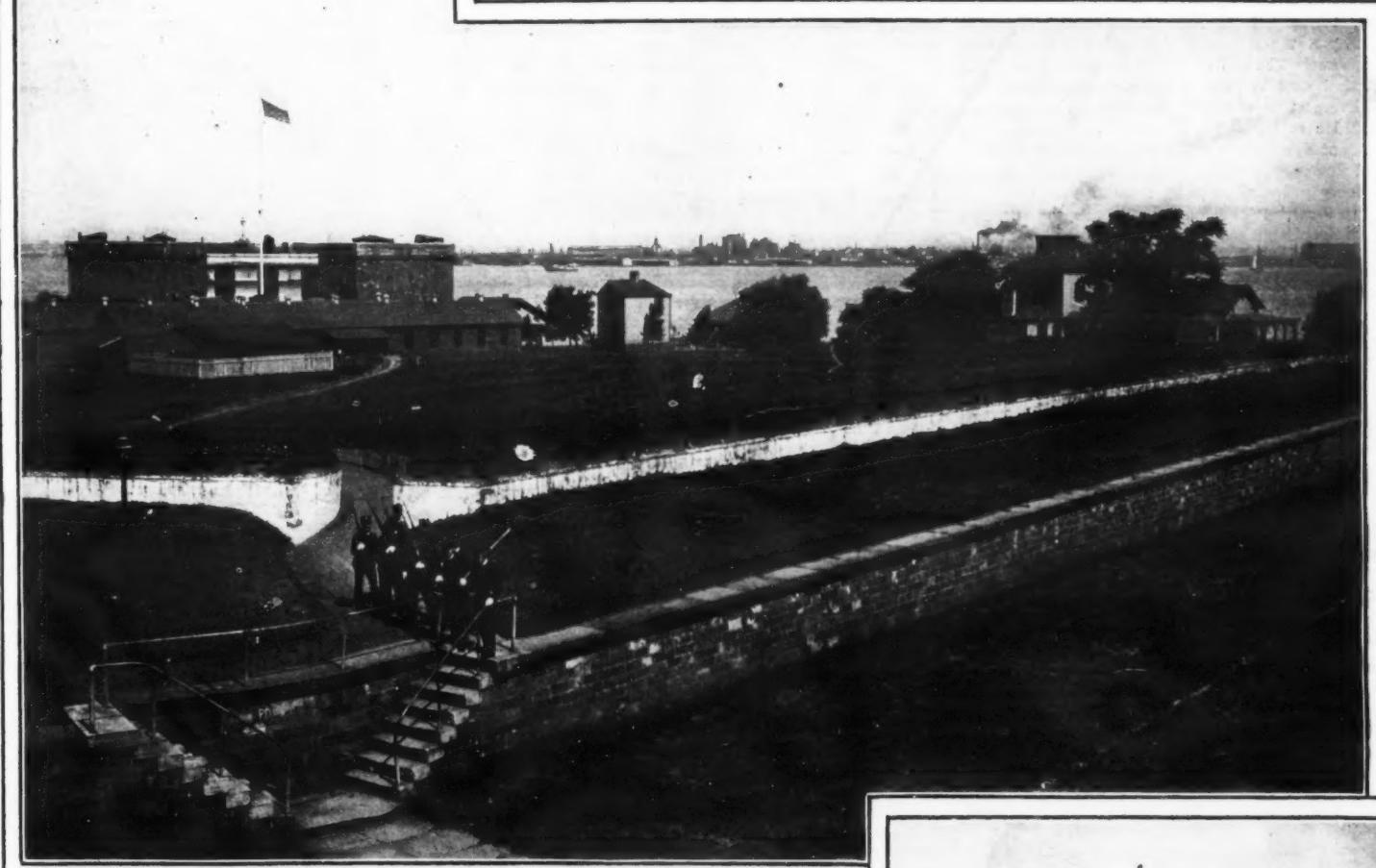
LIGHT AS WELL AS DARK SHADOWS MARK THE SANGUINARY CAMPAIGN WHICH STILL CONTINUES IN SOUTH AFRICA.
[SEE PAGE 7.]



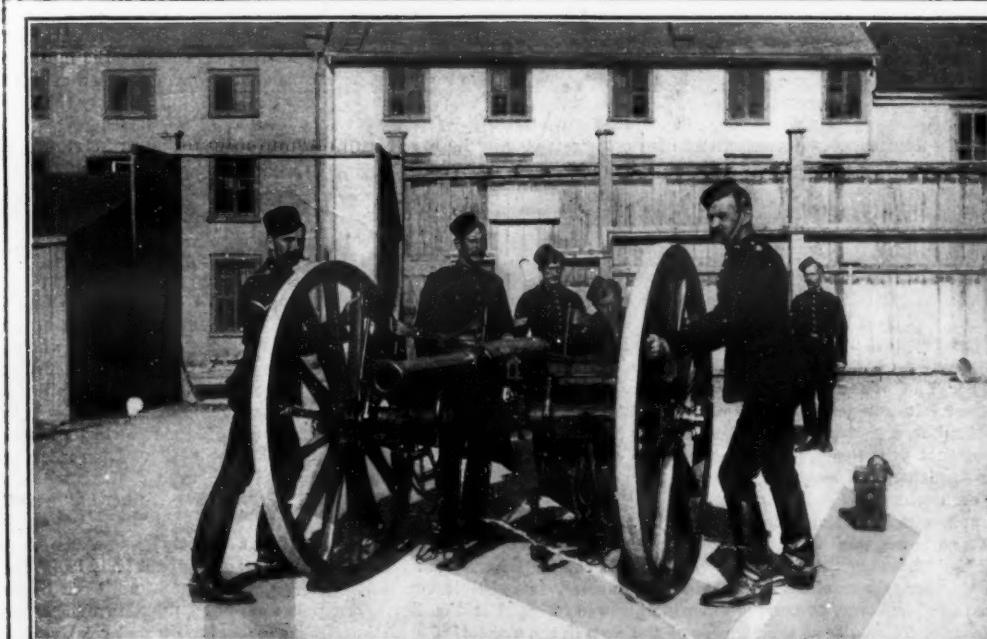
THE ANGRY PEANUT-VENDER—A NEW YORK STREET SCENE.
W. H. Jones, Brooklyn.



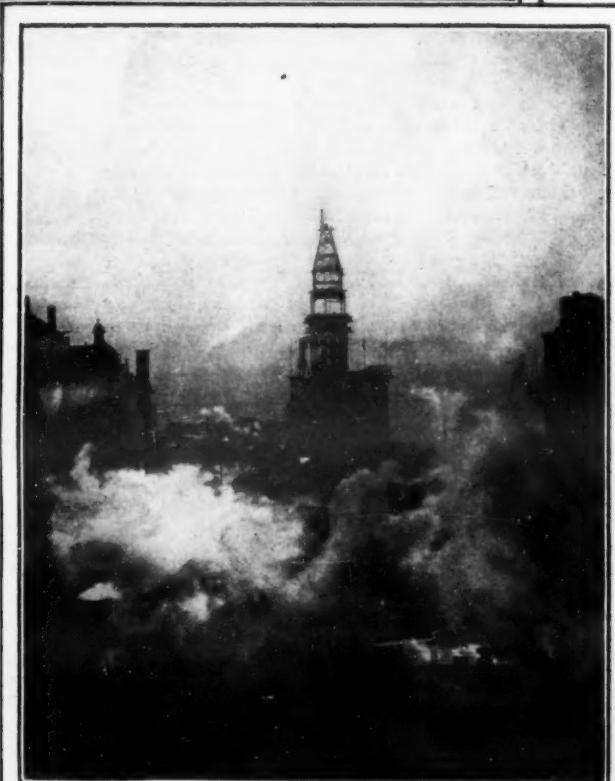
THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.
George Irving, Yonkers, N. Y.



(THE PRIZE WINNER) GUARD RETURNING FROM CASTLE WILLIAM, GOVERNOR'S ISLAND,
WHERE MILITARY PRISONERS ARE CONFINED—POST HOSPITAL ON RIGHT.
Albert A. Robidou, Fifth Artillery, Fort Hancock, New York.



B BATTERY, ROYAL CANADIAN ARTILLERY, AT QUEBEC—THE OFFICER IN THE CENTRE WAS
WOUNDED AT LADYSMITH.—Roy H. Beatty, Cleveland.



MONTGOMERY WARD'S NEW TOWER, THE LOFTIEST IN CHICAGO,
385 FEET ABOVE THE STREET.—PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE
FOURTEENTH STORY OF A SKY-SCRAPER, HALF A MILE
OFF.—J. H. Sheffield, Chicago.

OUR AMATEUR PRIZE PHOTOGRAPHIC CONTEST—NEW YORK WINS.
[SEE OFFERS OF VARIOUS SPECIAL PRIZES IN OUR AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHIC ANNOUNCEMENT ELSEWHERE IN THIS ISSUE.]

Souls That Cry for Vengeance.

THE CLOSING CENTURY SHOWS A HIDEOUS RECORD OF MURDERS, AND THE GUILTY FOREVER REMAIN UNPUNISHED—A DEFENSELESS WOMAN IN NEARLY ALL CASES THE VICTIM.

THE century now just closed—luminous in the achievements of the progress of humanity toward a higher civilization—carries the stain of one hideous pre-eminence. In the story of these hundred years there shall be found stretching unbrokenly through the ages the record of slaughter that forever remained unavenged. It is probable that the whole range of history since murder first came upon the earth affords no parallel to the picture presented by this single century; and it is by no means pleasant to reflect that in respect of secret murder—or murder where the astuteness of the criminal made him the master of the police—England and America stand first.

In our own great city of New York, according to an editorial in the *Evening Post*, there have been some sixty unsolved murders committed since November 1st, 1898. Young Molineux, staggering under the blow of one conviction, stands legally so far as the perpetrator of a crime which many people still regard as a totally unsolved murder. The case of Art Student Frederick Harvey, whose death occurred from violence less than a year ago, remains a mystery. The slaying of Kate Scharn, over on Second Avenue not long ago, seems assured of entry into the archives of unsolved crime, unless unlooked-for accident throws the solution into the lap of the New York police.

This singular anomaly may perhaps be accounted for by the historical inability of the English and American police to cope with sporadic crime. The policeman of Anglo-Saxon blood loves rule. He is bound by rule, and follows rule blindly, unquestioningly, irrespective of conditions, until it leads him to a stone wall. London in the days of Field and Whicher, New York in the time of Byrnes, saw a slight divergence from established rule, and a corresponding increase in the ratio of success. Field and Whicher followed motive; Byrnes, with his *dilettante* dabbling in the French school, followed the woman. The substance of the Byrnes philosophy is found in a remark made to the writer many years ago.

"It is not difficult to find a murderer or a thief," he said, "if you can only find the woman. And I really do not know what we should do without the woman." And as if in ghastly retort to the great policeman's bitter cynicism there arises the memory of those women who paid with their lives for their trust in the man, and whose souls still cry for vengeance on their murderers. New York, Connecticut—that hotbed of murder tangles—and New Jersey bristle with the black record.

Mary Cecilia Rogers, whose case is immortalized by Poe in his "Mystery of Marie Roget"; Helen Jewett, Mary Stannard, and Jennie Cramer at least furnish a few historical instances in point. The century was yet young. Old King William IV. was still on the throne of England, Martin Van Buren was President of the United States, and the northern limit of New York was at Canal Street when the murder of Helen Jewett convulsed the city. Tradition says that Helen Jewett was beautiful—beautiful even in the understanding of the men and women among whom she had found the wreck of her young life. The disgrace that she had brought upon the mother and sisters in the quiet home in Maine was not to be perpetuated here, and it was as Doras Doyen that she acquired the infamous celebrity which was to make her a leader among the unhappy creatures of her class and the star attraction of Mother Townsend's establishment in Thomas Street. Under the hard despair born of the conditions which surrounded her was much that was tender, womanly, and good. And the secret of her fall and degradation is epitomized in her own words: "In all my life I have never been able to say 'No' to myself or any one else."

The story is told of a drunken ruffian who approached her in the lobby of a theatre; of a seedy, pale, delicate-looking youth who quietly stepped up and within two minutes had thrashed him within an inch of his life; and how, in the first hysterical burst of gratitude, she caught her protector's hands in hers and kissed them. Her life had exposed her to the coarse jests, the Botany Bay familiarity, of the male animals who saw in her only one who was an outcast, defenseless, and at their mercy, and from whom she had learned that men were something lower than the beasts. Yet here in one bewildering moment had arisen a man to deem her worthy of protection—to place her on a level with those other women at whom she had so often looked in wistful longing as they passed her by with their skirts drawn tightly around them, and to escort her to her carriage with a stately courtesy and chivalry wondrous to her in its newness. And the heart of the poor, stricken creature, who had no certain roof but the coffin-lid, and no friend in sickness or in death but the hospital nurse, turned to him as to her one refuge, her one solace, her dream of a higher and better life.

Richard P. Robinson was rather more than twenty-five years old, and five years her junior. His father was a leather merchant, with a factory and offices in Maiden Lane. Upon that father—then one of the wealthiest men in the city—he depended for his subsistence, and it was therefore necessary that his name at night among his associates in the Tenderloin of those days should be Frank Rivers. Only Helen Jewett, and perhaps the fat old horror who kept the Thomas Street house, knew the secret of his identity. She had won his heart, and held him under the spell of her beauty and grace. He had asked her to marry him. He would wait until he had earned enough to make his own independence. He loved her well enough to make her his wife. They would go away, she said, where her past could never be known and he need not be ashamed of her, there to begin a new life. And she cried as she told the story to the women in the Thomas Street house.

They were older in the ways of men than she was, and knew well the inevitable end, but let her dream on. The end came even sooner than they had expected. It was just the usual course—there is little need to describe it—the man dragging at

the chain that held him; the desperate clinging of the woman to the hope that was drifting away from her. The climax came at last. His father had determined to marry him to a rich woman whose money would increase the business and make the house famous. At all costs, he must break away from Helen Jewett. She held his letters promising marriage, and would show them to his father and to the woman to whom he was engaged. "I'll prevent your marriage to that other woman and claim my right or die," she wrote on the 11th of April, 1836. "Come to the house to-night, or you will see me and my letters at your father's office in the morning."

That letter was the warrant of her death. There is no positive record that Robinson was seen to enter the house that night. Helen Jewett had gone early to her room. Robinson had a key and could obtain access to the place and leave it without observation. But in the dawn of the Sunday morning Marie Stevens, an inmate of the Thomas Street house, pacing restlessly up and down the floor of her room, stopped at the sound of a creak or crack on the staircase outside. Then, peering through a crevice, she saw the door of Helen Jewett's room slowly opened and out of it crept a figure in the long Spanish cloak and peaked cap identified with Robinson. In his hand he carried a lantern. Her eyes followed him as he went along the hall down the stairs to the floor below, and with no suspicion she went back to her room.

Two hours passed and then she was aroused by a smell of burning. The fire came from Helen Jewett's room, and the room was in flames. And when the fire was put out they found Helen Jewett lying across her bed dead, her head cloven by three blows from the small hatchet that lay in a corner near by, her right hand lifted as if in a last gesture of entreaty or reproach to her slayer. The murderer had carefully laid the fire, calculating the time at which the smoke would be detected and the alarm sounded, and thus enable him to get clear away. One side of the murdered woman's body had been charred by the flames, and there the fire had mysteriously stopped, leaving the marks of the weapon sharp, clear, grim, and distinct.

The city rang that day with the story of the murder and of Robinson's arrest at the home of his father. The lantern that had belonged to him; the blood-stains on the clothing that had been hastily hidden under the ground; the hatchet traced to his possession; the evidence of a servant who saw him creeping out of Mrs. Townsend's house by a rear window, and at least twenty other coincidences—beyond the all-powerful motive—pointed to him as the murderer. But the power, the wealth, and the influence of his father were lavished in the effort to save him.

New York was a small town in those days, and juries were easily controlled. Many other elements combined to save Robinson. Marie Stevens, who had seen him leaving Helen Jewett's room, and who had vowed that no power on earth should close her lips, was found dead in her bed. Mrs. Townsend mysteriously disappeared, and years afterward was found in a Massachusetts village—a light of the local church, leader of the Dorcas Sewing Society, and a dragon of propriety, famous for her relentless pursuit of women who had strayed from the path. And thus, in face of a powerful circumstantial case, Robinson was acquitted, only to die exiled and disgraced in Mexico two years afterward. After sixty years the mystery of Helen Jewett's murder remains a mystery still.

Poe's marvelous analysis of the case of Mary Cecilia Rogers is known to every reader throughout the world, and there is therefore little need to go into the case in any detail. The story of the pretty cigar-girl and the weird manner of her death has formed the nucleus of a hundred romances and melodramas in all generations. Fifty-six years have gone since the day that Mary Rogers took the Sunday-afternoon walk from which she never returned, and the memory of her fate still remains among some of the octogenarians who linger round the Old Greenwich Village, and who can recall her presence as she stood behind the cigar-counter of old John Anderson's tobacco-store, which in those days stood at Nassau Street, near Broadway. It was her marvelous beauty that had first attracted the attention of John Anderson, and led that shrewd Scotchman to speculate in the possibilities of the increased profit that might accrue if the young men of the town could be drawn to the counter.

The result more than rewarded him for his enterprise in engaging Mary at a good salary as a handsome show-piece for the store. The butterflies crowded around the light, and went away with singed wings. Mary indulged in the species of shop-girl, common-school flirtation understood of the tenement-house class, but her display of tact, cleverness, and good judgment preserved her reputation intact. Her selected lovers were many. The leader of these was David Payne, a clerk who lodged in her mother's boarding-house at Broadway and Thomas Street. It was generally understood that Payne was her accepted suitor, and that he and Mary were to be married in the fall of that year (1840). Anderson himself was not exempt from suspicion, and last and more important than all, there had been whispered stories of a tall, dark, swarthy, sailor-like man, who wore the undress uniform of a naval officer, and whose name was never discovered, and of hurried meetings at night between the two. Mary herself only colored and bit her lip whenever reference was made to the mysterious lover. One thing, however, was certain—her mother was fully cognizant of the affair, and of the identity of the man in the case.

It was on the morning of July 25th, 1841, that Mary knocked at Payne's door, saying, "Bye, bye, Dave. I'm going to spend the day with Mrs. Doney, in Beaver Street." From that moment she was lost until a week later, when her body was found half-immersed in the river on the Hoboken shore, just beyond Castle Point, and within a dozen yards of a sharp promontory

known as Sybil's Cave. Around the waist of the body was a stout cord with a heavy stone attached, and the other end of the cord was tied to the trunk of a tree. The head had been beaten with a stone. Around the throat was a piece of lace torn from the hem of the girl's dress. She had been first stunned with the blows of the stone upon her head, and then strangled.

It took a week for the authorities to determine that Mary Cecilia Rogers had really been murdered; and it was only when little children playing in the woods a hundred yards beyond Sybil's Cave came upon a heap of torn clothing and the marks of trampled grain and torn brier that they knew where this unhappy creature had made the last feeble fight for her life. The examination proved that a crime more terrible than murder had been committed. It was known that she had not called upon Mrs. Doney, and the last trace of her is found in the evidence of two yachtsmen who, on that Sunday afternoon, saw a woman who resembled her, entering the woods. Around her, laughing, yelling, whistling, was a crowd of rough-looking men. The yachtsmen, at first stupefied at the unusual spectacle, had made after the woman too late, for even as their boat touched the shore she vanished into the woods and was lost.

The police did what the police have always been known to do through succeeding generations—they arrested several obviously wrong people, only to release them with profuse apologies. They ran their heads very hard against wrong ideas, and persisted in trying to force the circumstances to fit in with their ideas instead of trying to extract ideas from the circumstances. They wore a dark and secretive manner and drank their liquor with a mysterious air, which was almost as good as taking the murderer, but not quite—for they never did it. In the meantime the girl's mother, who could probably have named the assassin of her daughter, smugly held her tongue and soon afterward opened a large hotel in the northern part of the State. No one of all the army of police and other experts engaged upon the case realized that the lace that had strangled the murdered girl and the rope around her waist had been tied in a sailor's knot. And, save where Poe has irradiated the gloom with the light of his genius, the truth about Mary Cecilia Rogers remains in the shadow of the unknown.

An even stranger case is that of Mary Stannard, found in the shadow of the woods near the little village of Whippoorwill, in Rockland County, with her throat cut, her skull crushed with a heavy stone, and arsenic sufficient to kill a dozen women in her stomach. Mary Stannard had been the village beauty in her youth, before the fall that sent her back to her home disgraced and abandoned. And yet, faded and haggard though she was, there was enough of her old indefinable charm left to attract. All the eyes of the village were turned upon Mary and the Rev. Heman Herbert Hayden, the Wesleyan clergyman, who alone had been her champion and her comforter in the first dreadful hours of her return to her home. There were nocturnal meetings with the young pastor in glades and woods, and the old maids of the village whispered "Hester Prynne," and shook their heads.

A good reason, then, for arresting the clergyman for Mary's murder on no other ground, apparently, than the possibility of a motive which made itself manifest at the autopsy. And perhaps the decent, orderly arrangement of the body, the hands "crossed humbly, as if praying dumbly, over her breast," suggested the superstitious reverence of a clergyman. However that may be, try the Rev. Heman Herbert Hayden they did, and built up around him a chain of circumstantial evidence bewildering in its completeness. But the jury that tried the Rev. Heman Herbert Hayden gave him an acquittal for want of sufficient evidence—an acquittal only to send him out into the world again a ruined and disgraced man.

And the mention of Mary Stannard recalls the memory of Jennie Cramer, found in the river at New Haven, her body tied to the Savin Rock. For Jennie Cramer's story sent all Connecticut into a revulsion of horror, culminating in the arrest and trial of Thomas and James O'Malley and Blanche Douglass, the three persons with whom she had last been seen alive. It is certain that the verdict of the jury which set the three prisoners free was right—as certain as that Jennie Cramer, having lost all that a woman holds most dear, in fear of a father's rage, committed suicide, and that her body was carried by her three associates to the place where it was found. Who in these days cares to recall to mind the murdered girl found lying by the roadside at Rahway, with a spilled basket of eggs by her side? In that basket of eggs lay the key to the murderers now escaped forever.

But if one would look for a parallel case wherein woman has heaped the revenge of her wrongs on man, it is only necessary to recall the story of Dr. Harvey Burdell, found lying in the bedroom of his home, No. 31 Bond Street, with fifteen stab-wounds on his body. Mrs. Mary Cunningham, who lived in the house, and her lover, John J. Eckels, had good reason for hating the doctor, and a financial reason for desiring to get rid of him. The police were not slow in taking advantage of it. All things that circled around the murder of Dr. Burdell were taken up and lumped together into a homogeneous whole. Mrs. Cunningham and Eckels were placed before a jury, and although each secured an acquittal, there never was even a shadow of a doubt that Mrs. Cunningham, aided by her guilty associate, made the repeated knife-thrusts which gave her her freedom and the share. The production of her marriage certificate and the register of the church proving that she had been secretly married to the doctor gave her her share in his estate.

The famous Nathan case can scarcely be classed as among the mysteries. All signs near and around the body led to the irresistible conclusion that Mr. Nathan was murdered by thieves. But the New York police followed their own lines, evolving theories, arresting the dead man's sons and relatives, all persons who could by no possibility desire the death of Mr. Nathan, until the case evaporated into evanescence. And it remained for John L. Irving, a retired burglar, to reveal the truth in the certain knowledge that the principals in the murder were dead and beyond reach or recall.

All of which goes to show that murder will not always out.

SAQUI SMITH.

Praying Out the Old Century.

If there is any set period or hour of time in each passing twelvemonth more conducive than another to solemnity of thought and the awakening of religious feeling, that period is the hour which marks the dying of the old year and the birth of the new. It would, indeed, be hardened and perverted nature that remained untouched by the solemn influences of such a season, the parting of the ways between an ordered past and the unknown future.

Considering the special and far-reaching significance of the time, it is not strange that nearly all sentimental writers have dwelt much upon the closing hours of the year, and that some of the noblest poems and meditative passages in the literature of all lands have had this for their theme. And of such writings none has risen to a sweeter or higher strain than Tennyson's "Ring Out, Wild Bells."

Ring out the old, ring in the new,

Ring out the false, ring in the true.

If such thoughts and associations may fitly be connected with the expiration of each passing year, what deeper note of solemnity and what greater suggestiveness should mark the dying hour of a century. And of all centuries in human history what one has made so deep an impress on the world, what one has witnessed so many brilliant achievements in the uplift and betterment of humanity, what one has left behind it so many happy and glorious memories, as the nineteenth century? Not all the centuries, indeed, that have preceded it put together have done so much for the well-being and general advancement of the human race. Specially fitting is it, then, that preparations should have been made throughout the Christian world to attend the obsequies of this most wonderful hundred years with more elaborate ceremonies than have marked the exit of any other equal period of time since history began.

Watch-night meetings to pray the old year out and the new year in have been a set observance in several religious denominations for a long period. At such meetings the moment when the old passes into the new always finds the worshipers on their knees in silent prayer. This year the watch-night ceremonies were extended to many churches and gatherings of men and women throughout the world where they had never been observed before. Many such meetings were arranged by the Red Cross Society in various cities in this country and Europe, in which the programme consisted of addresses by noted men, appropriate music, and an exchange of greetings. The most notable meeting of this sort proposed in America was that at Madison Square Garden, New York City, where a vast assemblage was invited to participate in the impressive ceremonies. The scene depicted by our artist is that in a house of worship, where the religious element is predominant and the solemnity of the moment most marked and impressive.

Pains and Pleasures of the March.

SCENES AND INCIDENTS OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN CAMPAIGN. HARDSHIPS OF THE MARCHING COLUMNS.

If it be true, according to the song, that Jordan is "a hard road to travel," no one who can speak from experience will deny that the average South African road is several points below Jordan in hardness. Even in the piping days of peace, when the conditions are most favorable, the traveler's way about South Africa is not beset with roses. There are practically no made roads in all the country, except in the immediate neighborhood of such large places as Cape Town, Durban, and Bloemfontein.

Neither are there any bridges, save now and then a rude one of logs thrown across a stream-bed. Elsewhere the track is merely a line across the *veldt* marked and sometimes cut deep by the wheels of many wagons; where all that man has done has been to remove the trees and bushes. Here and there the edges of the steep stream-banks are cut down so as to allow a vehicle to descend more easily to the bottom, where during the rain the stream flows, and during the rest of the year the ground is sandy or muddy. After a heavy rain a stream is sometimes impassable for days together, and the wagons have to wait on the bank until the torrent subsides. There are no lakes, no navigable rivers, and the railroads generally are built on a gauge of three feet six inches, and all their accommodations are of the same narrow proportions.

Thus being the situation which confronts the individual traveler in peaceful days, one can begin to realize the difficulties which great bodies of men have to meet who must move rapidly over this same country in war time, when, in addition to the all-pervading dust, the scorching heat, and the lack of water, they must be constantly on the look-out for a brave, wary, and resourceful enemy.

The peaceful traveler is not likely to be hampered, either, with so many personal belongings as seem to be considered necessary for a marching soldier. It is a marvel to an outsider how Tommy Atkins can bear up as cheerfully as he does under all the weapons and devices of all sorts that are hooked upon his uniform, and which sometimes cause him to resemble a walking armor-shop. It is not surprising that he grumbles and swears hard over his sorry lot when his officers are not within hearing, but as he rarely allows his feelings any vent save in this harmless fashion, it makes no difference in the end. If he sweats and fumes to-day over the "bloomin' business," he fights to-morrow just the same in the fine old British style.

While in most of its features and accompaniments the movement of a British army is the same everywhere, the campaign in South Africa has been attended with some things peculiar to the region itself, and called forth by the special emergencies of the situation. Such, for example, is the ceremony of feet inspection. The rough nature of the country makes excessive walking extremely painful; therefore, before a forced march is made, it is necessary to examine the men's feet and weed out the cripples. The scarcity of water for any purpose in many parts of South Africa also renders it necessary to make extra provision for quenching thirst in the shape of ample water-bottles, water-carts, and plentiful supplies of tea and coffee. It is a special joy and privilege for the men to take a plunge in

the streams which they are fortunate enough to come across. After days of dust and heat a bath in a pool not over-clean in itself becomes a great luxury.

Speaking of such experiences as these, one of the veteran correspondents in the field at Orange River says: "I sat in my dusty tent with my boots buried in dust, writing with a solution of dust by means of a dusty brown pen, and every line was dusted and dried as soon as written—as our grandfathers dried their manuscripts with sand. A dust colored cat strayed out on the *veldt* and was watching a hole in the dust to catch a dust-colored mouse. The air outside was as full of dust as your air in London is of smoke. The heat was intense, and yet all our throats were dry and coated with dust; yet, to relieve our thirst we must drink Orange River water—which is so full of mud that when a servant pours it into the basin, we think he must have washed his own hands in it first, without our having seen him do so."

In the operations around Pretoria and other parts of the Transvaal after the scene of war shifted to that quarter the difficulties before a marching column became quite different but hardly less great than they were down in Natal and the Orange Free State. The temperature was lower and there was not so much dust, but to make up in part for the absence of these discomforts there have been the steep, wearisome gorges and mountain passes to climb into and through, and the desolate, barren plains to cross, where existence itself becomes a burden hard to be borne. Military operations are but little easier now for the men in the field, although Krüger has fled and the war is said to be "over." Such warfare as that carried on by the irrepressible de Wet and his little band of followers has difficulties and dangers all its own for the scattered bodies of British soldiers.

The Need of an Isthmian Canal.

INTERESTING FACTS IN REGARD TO THE PROPOSED GREAT NATIONAL WATER-WAY.

A SUBJECT likely to engross a considerable share of the attention of Congress during its present session is that relating to the construction of a ship canal across the Central American isthmus. President McKinley devoted a paragraph to this subject in his recent message, commanding the attention of the Senate "the convention with Great Britain to facilitate the construction of such a canal, and to remove any objection which might arise out of the convention commonly called the Clayton-Bulwer treaty."

Following immediately upon this came the preliminary report of the Isthmian Canal Commission, strongly recommending and urging the construction of a water-way along the Nicaragua route. The commission bases its recommendation upon the result of its own investigations during the past year, which show, it claims, that the Nicaragua route is practically the only feasible way to be chosen when the question of control by the United States is considered, and the resulting advantages to the commerce of this country. The report favors the construction of a canal thirty feet in depth at a cost of about \$120,000,000. The commission found that there are no engineering or physical impossibilities on either the Nicaragua or Panama routes. The matter of cost, however, according to their showing, is largely in favor of Nicaragua, as the estimate for the completion of the Panama canal is about \$150,000,000.

This does not take into account such moneys as would have to be paid for improvements already made on the Panama isthmus. Furthermore, they say, the Colombian government is so bound by its agreements with the Panama Company that it can not, if it would, make such concessions to the United States in the matter of the further construction and control of the canal as are deemed essential from the American point of view.

But upon these and other questions relating to the particular route which the isthmian canal shall take, a considerable difference of opinion will doubtless be developed during the progress of the discussion in Congress and elsewhere. The advocates of the Panama route have by no means abandoned the field, and the arguments which they are putting forth in favor of taking up and completing that enterprise are entitled to serious consideration. They lay stress upon the fact that the Panama canal is already partially constructed, that the distance across the isthmus here is only thirty-seven miles as against one hundred and ninety at Nicaragua, that fewer locks will be necessary, and that good, natural harbors exist at both ends of the Panama route, whereas at the more northern point the harbors must be altogether artificial.

On one point, however, there is a substantial unanimity of opinion among all who are interested in the development of American commerce, and that is the necessity of constructing a water-way across the isthmus somewhere, and that at the earliest practicable date. The advantages to be derived from such a canal, not only to American commerce but to the commerce of all nations, are too obvious to require extended argument. They have been seen and recognized ever since the early days of the Spanish occupation of the Central American country, and every nation having interests in that quarter of the world from that date to this has had the question of canal construction under serious consideration. Napoleon was deeply interested in the matter at one time, and no less than twenty-five distinct surveys of the isthmus for canal purposes have been made at various points and under the auspices of various governments. But international jealousies and intrigues have always come in to prevent the consummation of any plans.

The rapid development of our Pacific coast States in population and commercial interests, and the recent opening of the great gold fields of the Northwest, make the building of a canal at some point in the Central American isthmus more than ever a national necessity. Under present conditions the ocean traffic between our Atlantic and Pacific seaboard is trifling in amount. In 1890 California shipped East \$82,000,000 worth of products, of which ninety-eight per cent. came by rail and only two per cent. by way of Panama and Cape Horn. The risks and expense of the long voyage around Cape Horn and the high rates charged for transcontinental freight on the Pacific railroads operate as a practical embargo on the shipment of many products of the Pacific coast. A sailing-vessel, for example, loaded

with lumber at a Pacific port could not reach a ship-yard in Maine in less than 130 days' sailing, with freight charges at about twelve dollars per thousand. Through the Nicaragua canal, should this route be chosen, the voyage might be made in between forty and fifty days, with freight charges at about eight dollars per thousand. By steamer the same trip via Nicaragua could be made in twenty days. The Nicaragua canal would save in distance over the Cape Horn route between New York and San Francisco 11,833 miles, and between San Francisco and Liverpool 7,908 miles. It would reduce the sailing distance between New York and Hawaii 7,842 miles, and bring the Philippines nearer by over 3,000 miles—facts of special significance at this time. It would place New York nearer Melbourne, Australia, by 1,350 miles than is Liverpool by the Suez canal, and Yokohama nearer by 2,402 miles.

This would help to give us a fair share of the trade of the far East, which now goes almost wholly to England. The present direct trade of our Atlantic and Gulf ports with the Australasian and Asiatic regions amounts to only about 416,000 tons a year. Most of the products of those countries come to us through English hands by way of Liverpool. England's imports from Australia run as high as 16,000,000 tons annually, and from Hong-Kong 7,000,000 tons. With an isthmian canal operating to our advantage, this volume of commerce would be diverted in large measure to our ports.

But facts and figures might be multiplied to an indefinite extent showing the enormous economic advantages to this country of water transit across Central America. It would give us the trade of the Pacific seaports of South America, such as Callao and Valparaiso, which now find a cheaper outlet by way of Europe. It would give us the direct and indirect benefit of a great stream of commerce from all nations flowing by our coasts on its way through such a canal. With Cuba and Porto Rico in our possession, or under our control, we will be in the way to obtain these benefits in the largest possible measure.

Every consideration, therefore, of wise statesmanship and sound public policy demands that this proposed water-way shall be completed under American auspices and by American capital as soon as possible.

L. A. M.

When Christmas Is Over.

THE drum in a corner lies forlorn,
A hole in its head unmended;
While battered and bent is the Christmas horn—
Its mission on earth is ended.
The skates are nicked and covered with rust,
And now to the past are ceded;
The books, with eagerness once discussed,
Repose on the shelf, unheeded.

The doll has ruined her wardrobe all,
Her bed no more is slept on,
But out in the maze of the dim-lit hall
She is often rudely stepped on.
The candy is only a morsel wee,
Too stale for further dwindling;
The dried remains of the Christmas-tree
Are at last reduced to kindling.

The cat and the dog have resumed their care,
After a rapt vacation;
The cook in her sanctum daily bears
Full many a visitation.
For Santa Claus in the neighborhood
Of the distant pole now snoozes,
And Willie makes up for the time he was good,
And Jane is as bad as she chooses.

EDWIN L. SABIN.

Minnesota's Magnificent New Capitol.

MINNESOTA'S new State capitol, at St. Paul, now in course of erection, will, when completed, be the most pretentious structure in the State, and will rank with the finest buildings of that class in the country. It will rest on a basement wall of granite thirteen feet high. The entire superstructure will be of white marble. It is proposed that the general effect shall not be broken by constructing the big dome out of any other material. The principal facade looks toward the south. This front is 435 feet long, exclusive of the approaches, the entrance, and the steps. The only interruptions in this line of marble are the main central pavilion and the pavilions at either end.

The central pavilion is adorned with a colonnade forming the front of a deep loggia. The upper part of the colonnade is adorned with sculpture, the central feature of which is a quadriga typifying the progress of the State. The quadriga is placed at the top of the pavilion, and forms its crowning feature. Supporting the quadriga on either side are placed symmetrical groups, and on the broad attic below the quadriga are a series of six figures symbolizing the attributes of humanity which make for the progress of the State: Prudence, Courage, Bounty, Integrity, Wisdom, and Truth. The figures, modeled by Daniel Ch. French, are made of marble, and are between nine and ten feet in height. The figure of Prudence, for example, suggests one of the five wise virgins, who, with graceful movement, fastens the garment of the left shoulder while raising the lamp, which is "trimmed and burning."

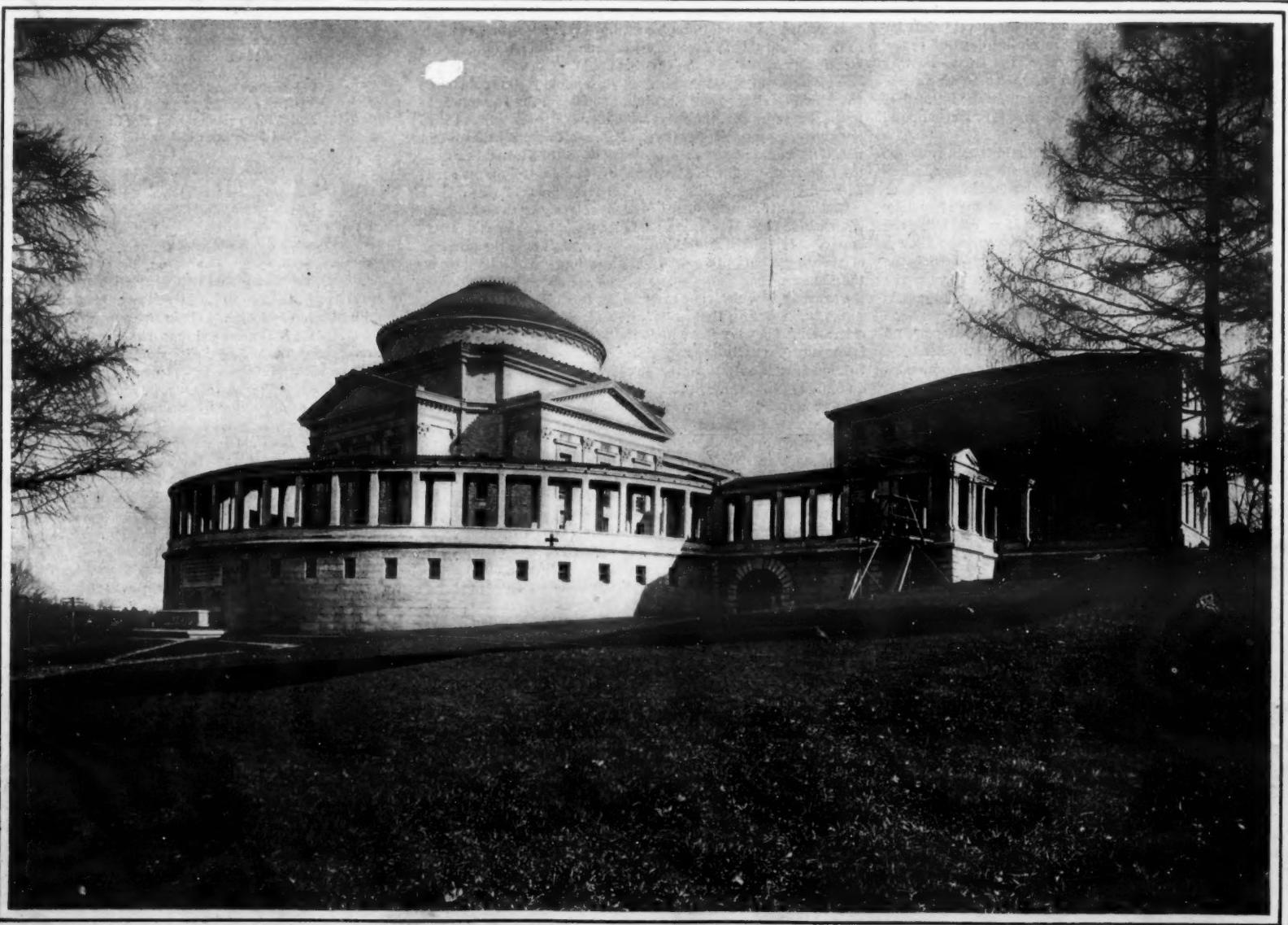
The sculptures at either end of the building will be typical of the uses of the portion of the building upon which they are placed. Above the supreme court chamber one group represents ancient law, while another group signifies modern law. Immediately at the entrance of the building will be placed groups representing industry and commerce. All figures above the roof-line are of bronze. Those projected against the capitol are to be of white marble, in unison with the body of the building. The Legislative appropriation for the edifice is \$2,000,000. Cass Gilbert, the architect of the capitol, was born in Zanesville, O., A.D. 1859. He was a pupil of the Institute of Technology, of Boston, and later studied his profession in Europe. He came to New York and was employed for a number of years by McKim, Mead & White, leaving their employ in 1882 to labor for himself. Since then he has done conspicuously good work in various parts of the country.

R. L.



MINNESOTA'S NEW STATE CAPITOL.

THE STATE HAS APPROPRIATED \$2,000,000 FOR THE BUILDING WHICH IS NOW IN COURSE OF ERECTION.—IT WILL BE THE FINEST STRUCTURE IN THE ENTIRE NORTHWEST.
DESIGNED BY CASS GILBERT, ARCHITECT, NEW YORK.—[SEE PAGE 7.]



THE HALL OF FAME AT UNIVERSITY HEIGHTS, NEW YORK.

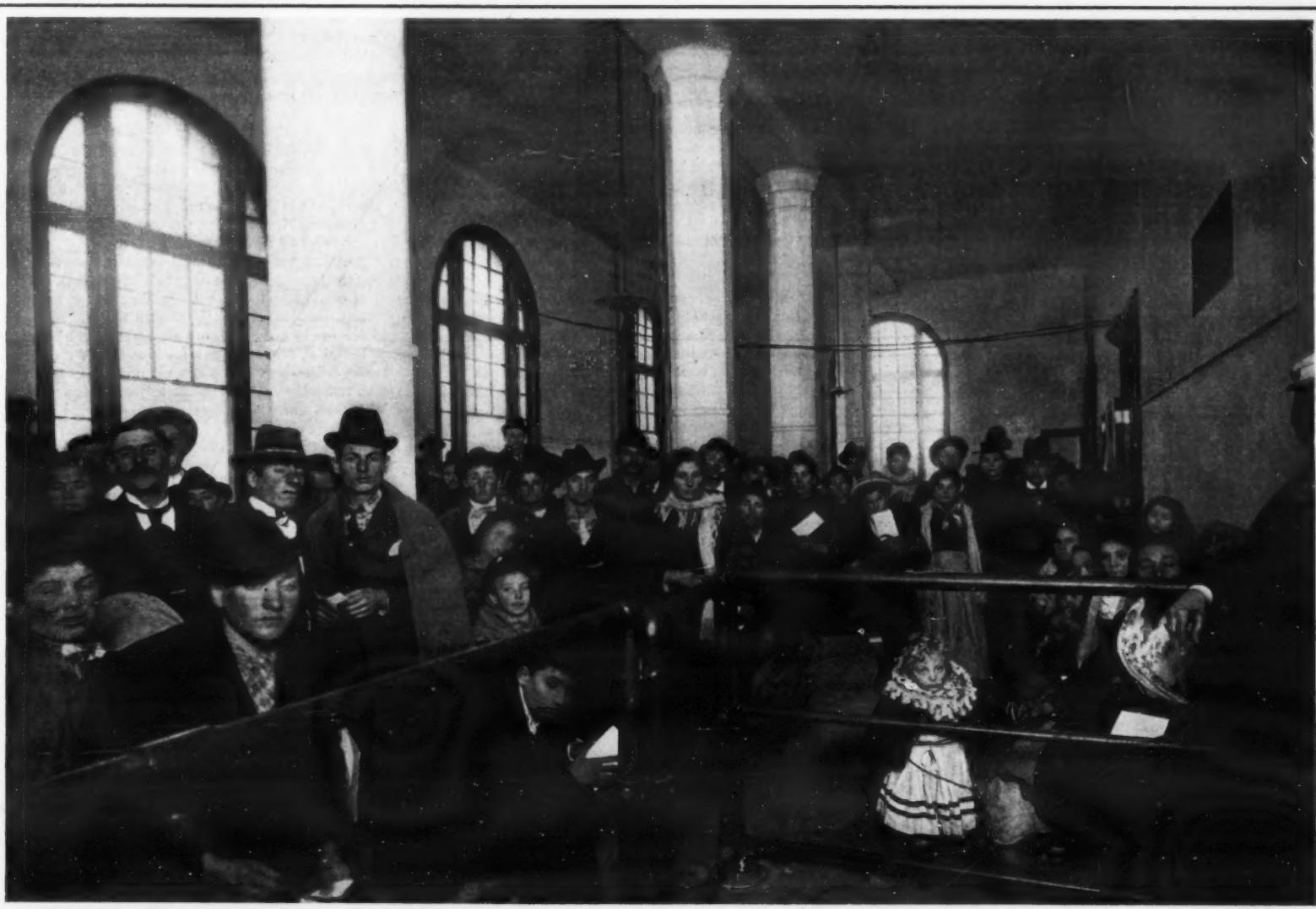
HALF SURROUNDING THE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY IN THE CENTRE IS THE OPEN COLONNADE WHERE TABLETS TO THE MOST FAMOUS AMERICANS WILL BE PLACED ON THE
INSIDE OF THE LOW WALL MARKED WITH A CROSS.—[SEE PAGE 11.]



ITALIAN IMMIGRANTS EATING THEIR FIRST MEAL ON AMERICAN SOIL,
WHICH THE STEAMSHIP COMPANIES PAY FOR.



THE MONEY-CHANGER'S WINDOW—NOTE THE RESPECTFUL ATTITUDE OF
THE ITALIAN IMMIGRANT.



"THE NEW YORK PEN" FILLED WITH IMMIGRANTS BOUND FOR NEW YORK AND VICINITY AND WAITING TO COMPLY WITH THE LAST FORMALITIES BEFORE THEY ARE RELEASED.



THE REGISTRATION DESK, WHERE EVERY IMMIGRANT MUST PRESENT A
HEALTH INSPECTOR'S CERTIFICATE.



THE BUREAU OF INQUIRY—WAITING FOR FRIENDS TO TAKE THEM AWAY TO THEIR
NEW HOMES IN AMERICA—NOTE THE CROWD IN THE BACKGROUND.

THE WORLD'S GREATEST IMMIGRANT STATION.

OPENING THE COMMODIOUS NEW BUILDINGS AT ELLIS ISLAND, NEW YORK HARBOR, WHERE THE BULK OF THE IMMIGRANTS TO THE UNITED STATES LAND.
PHOTOGRAPHED FOR "LESLIE'S WEEKLY" BY OUR SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHER, R. L. DUNN.—{SEE PAGE 10.]

Vaccinating New York's Millions.

HOW THE CITY DOES THE WORK FREE AND HOW IT PREPARES ITS OWN VIRUS IN THE FINEST, CLEANEST LABORATORY IN THE WORLD—NO DANGER, AND NO "SCARE"!

THERE is sometimes more harm in a scare than in a catastrophe. During the last few weeks a few cases of small-pox have been reported in New York; at once everybody wanted to be vaccinated. It is estimated by conservative physicians that in this great city at least a million people have been vaccinated within a month or two. It is not unreasonable to figure that before long the New-Yorker who had not been newly vaccinated will be hard to find. All

HEALTH COMMISSIONER JOHN B. COSBY, M.D.

this has happened and will happen because a few cases of small-pox appeared and the facts were chronicled in the daily papers. In nearly every instance the disease manifested itself in the tenement districts of the city. Tens of thousands of people in the city became scared, but the facts show that this winter's outbreak is one of the lightest in our history.

"A few years ago," said Dr. J. B. Cosby, one of the health commissioners of the city, "we had 5,000 cases of the disease here in New York in one season. This year, so far, we have had 111 genuine cases, and in only three of these has death resulted. The small number of cases shows in how much better shape the health authorities are to fight what was once a dreaded scourge. The fact that only three deaths have resulted shows how well medical skill is able to combat the disease. Yet the scare has borne good fruit in one way. It has driven people to the point of anxiety to be vaccinated. No matter how light the scourge, people display common sense when they bare their arms for inoculation. It is well established that vaccination, as practiced nowadays, is a complete safeguard. Only the other day a case came to my notice in a West-side tenement. In one family there were five children. Three of them attend a public school, and were there inoculated by a visiting physician. Another doctor called at the house while going through the neighborhood at the order of the health department. The parents refused to have the virus applied to the other two children. These were taken with small-pox, while the three who had been treated at school, though living under the same roof, escaped.

"Whence does the contagion come? It is purely and simply a case of foreign invasion. Over in southern Europe, where the poorer people are herded in the big cities and live in squalor, the disease finds its birth. Immigrants bring the germs and, despite the greatest care that our health authorities can take, small-pox is smuggled into the United States. Even at this, we could stamp out the trouble if it were not for the ignorance of the poor. Many of them, when signs of sickness appear, are unable to have a physician, and do not know where to obtain medical care. Even some who have the means to pay are afraid to send for a doctor through dread of having their dear ones separated from them. So we are unable to head off the disease within a few days after its first appearance."

Herculean work is being done by the department of health. Tens of thousands of children have been vaccinated in the schools. Scores of doctors have been sent from house to house in a canvass so thorough that no one who wanted free vaccination has been unable to obtain it. Other tens of thousands have been treated by family practitioners. Hundreds go every day to the criminal-court building in Elm Street, where the virus is applied without cost. Between 1,500 and 2,000 daily go for the same purpose to the headquarters of the department of health at Fifty-fifth Street and Sixth Avenue. No one who wants free vaccination is refused.

There is other comfort for those who are afraid of the disease. In many cases the virus does not "take." In other words, a sore arm does not follow the operation. If healthy virus is injected into the system, in proper fashion, without producing any result, it is quite certain that the subject is immune, and does not need to fear small-pox. No medical man can say how long this immunity will last, however, and the only safe course is to make a trial of vaccination every few months.

New York's virus is prepared in the most scientific method in use in the world. The laboratory stands at the foot of East Sixteenth Street. All the work is done under the supervision of experts in medicine and bacteriology, every step of the work amid surroundings redolent of antiseptics. Vaccine virus was originally made from the virus of people suffering with small-pox. This virus was injected into healthy animals, under whose skin a new virus of small-pox then formed. The germs of small-pox were thus cultivated artificially, and the culture continued from animal to animal, the germs in each new case being less violent than in the one preceding. Thus, by degrees, the "wild" germ became "tamed" or domesticated, and therefore less harmful. Through successive cultures these germs became so mild that, instead of causing small pox, they enabled the human being in whose veins they roamed to resist that disease.

In the East Sixteenth laboratory there is a stable to which calves are brought as often as the department orders them from the contractor who supplies the city. These calves are from three to four months old, and weigh from 150 to 200 pounds. They represent the finest and healthiest stock. No potentate on earth can have his table supplied with meat from better animals than these. As soon as the calves arrive Dr. Johnson, the veterinary surgeon of the department examines them. Skin and lung diseases are especially searched for. The weight and state of health of each calf are carefully noted. A running chart is

kept of the condition of the animal from day to day. Its temperature is taken, the amount of boiled milk that the calf drinks *per diem* is entered. The health of the calf is followed as systematically as if it were a human being in a hospital.

After the calf has been weighed and examined it is thrown on a bench. Every particle of dirt is washed off the skin; it is curly-combed, and even the long hairs at the end of the tail are clipped. The hoofs are scrubbed clean. From the abdomen to the thighs the body is shaved. The stall-room is as clean as a drawing-room, and antiseptics are freely used to prevent the slightest possibility of a germ's finding lodgment. After being kept for a couple of days the animal is taken to the inoculating-room. Here everything is as tidy as in the operating-room of a hospital. The walls are of enameled brick. The furniture is of white enamel, and on a shelf over the table are various antiseptics.

The men who inoculate the calf have been carefully trained. They wear linen gowns and caps like surgeons. Immediately after the calf has been thrown upon the table antiseptic towels are thrown across the body, covering all the hairy parts and leaving exposed only the bare skin, and this is treated with antiseptics and washed with corrosive sublimate, alcohol, and water.

Now the calf is ready for vaccination. With a knife-point parallel lines from one-eighth to three-eighths of an inch apart are scratched. The area to be inoculated runs from the middle of the body back. The virus is rubbed into these cuts with a little metal instrument just as it is in the case of a human being. Throughout the operation the calf lies quietly. Once the work is over, the animal is removed from the table and led back to the stable. Here it is usually kept for six days, and, during that time, fed from eight to ten quarts of boiled milk daily. Careful baths are also administered. The stable has a cement floor, with metallic stanchions, while the sides of the stalls are constructed to permit of their being freely flushed with antiseptics.

At the end of the six days the calf is taken back to the same operating-room and thrown upon the same table. Along each one of the lines of incision is found a typical vaccine vesicle such as would form on the arm of an infant. This inoculated surface is cleansed with soap and water, next with antiseptics, and then each vesicle is scraped off with a metallic *curette*, or surgical spoon. All the material thus collected is weighed and placed in a sterilized glass dish. In some laboratories, though not in the local one, the serum that exudes from the bases of these vesicles after they are scraped is collected on ivory points, and these constitute the "vaccine points" of commerce. These ivory points, however, offer the virus in a more dilute form than is approved by the local health department.

After the dish has been weighed the pulp in it is passed through a mill. The men and women who work here have been vaccinated so often that they can cover abraded skin with the virus without the slightest chance of new inoculation. While the pulp is passing through the mill a mixture of glycerine and water is trickled down over the rollers and mixed with the virus. The result is a syrupy emulsion, sometimes of a pink, and sometimes of a grayish hue, which is at once stored in long glass tubes that are promptly sealed at both ends by flame. The tubes are then placed in a refrigerator built especially for this purpose.

As the virus is needed, a storage tube is opened and the contents poured into phials holding sufficient of the liquid for either fifty or ten vaccinations. Then there are tiny tubes that hold just enough for one inoculation. These, after being sealed at both ends, are laid one each in a block of wood having four grooves. In the second groove is placed a sterilized cambric needle. In the third groove is a piece of rubber tubing that just fits over the tiny glass tube, and in the fourth is a slip of wood used to rub the virus into the incised arm. The whole is then placed in a mailing envelope, on which are printed directions for use. From the laboratory the virus is sent to the Fifty-fifth Street bureau, and there it is either sold or distributed gratis.

It is a sorry day for the calf, however, when its work of contributing virus has ended. The poor brute is killed, and Dr. Johnson performs a careful autopsy. If the slightest trace of disease is found all the vaccine from that animal is destroyed. Almost invariably the calf is found to be healthy. When any sample of virus is found to be perfectly safe, five children are inoculated with it to test its efficacy. If the children do not "take" promptly, this particular virus is not utilized. Another precaution is that every lot of vaccine is tested bacteriologically, and, if found unsafe for use, is destroyed. At intervals of about a month samples of each lot are again tested. Virus will generally remain in good condition from five to six months, and has been known to retain all its properties as long as thirty months.

It is no longer the practice of local physicians in vaccinating a person to make a large area of incision upon the human arm. A spot only an eighth of an inch square is abraded. If the virus is properly applied to such a surface, vaccination will be complete, and the results much less painful than under the old method. The needle, tube, and wooden strip are invariably thrown away as soon as used. The beggar is, therefore, as certain of safe vaccination as the banker.

H. IRVING HANCOCK.

The Rush for Our Open Door.

FACILITIES AT ELLIS ISLAND'S NEW IMMIGRANT STATION FOR HANDLING NEARLY 2,000,000 STEERAGE PASSENGERS A YEAR—THE NEW AMERICAN'S PROGRESS FROM STEAMSHIP TO LIBERTY.

AFTER a lapse of more than three years the port of New York is again ready to receive immigrants from the Old World in a manner becoming the greatest city on the continent. On June 14th, 1897, the old immigrant detention station on Ellis Island, in New York harbor, went up in smoke. It was a tinder-like structure of wood. Yet during the long time that was required to erect a new and suitable building the foreigners who came to New York in the steerages of big ships were landed at the antiquated old barge office at the Battery. Here they were detained, herded and sorted, and finally passed or rejected. There were

nothing like accommodations for the swarms of human beings that Commissioner Fitchie and Assistant Commissioner McSweeney were forced to hold and investigate. For three years and a half all the details of immigrant inspection were hindered at every turn by lack of room.

On the morning of December 17th the new and handsome building on Ellis Island was formally opened. There were no ceremonies. Commissioner Fitchie went for a few moments to his office on the second floor, where he found a mammoth horseshoe of roses, the gift of his subordinates and other friends, resting on his desk. Then he hurried out to see that all was progressing smoothly in connection with the reception of the first load of immigrants to land at the new station.

To the *Kaiser Wilhelm II.* fell the honor of bringing the first new citizens—654 of them in all, and ranging in age from three months to three score-and-ten. From the *Wilhelm's* pier small steamers brought these people down at the rate of a hundred or two at a time. All were Italians. The very first to land on Ellis Island created a laugh that jarred the camera of the government photographer. She was a red-haired Italian girl, so much inclined to rotundity that it was a question whether her greater dimension was length or breadth. When it came her turn to register she declared that she was just eighteen, a statement that the clerk gallantly recorded without question.

As the first stolid throng crossed to the door of the great building each traveler clutched his certificate of medical inspection issued by Health Officer Doty's assistants, which, he had been informed, was virtually his passport to the great land of freedom. Once inside, however, the new-comers found themselves confronted, in many instances, by surgeons of the Marine Hospital Service. Some were compelled to go through another medical inspection. A constant look-out was kept for the unwashed. There are huge bath-rooms in the building in which a total of 200 immigrants may be washed at once. But these people had been "posted," and the bath-rooms did no business. Those concerning whom no question was raised were soon led up stairs, to be followed as speedily as possible by the challenged ones after they succeeded in passing the second medical inspection.

Now the immigrants found themselves in the great registration department, occupying the better part of the second floor. Here, divided by railings and walls of heavy wire screening, are many different aisles. Into these, at the northern end of the room, the immigrants are diverted. At a desk at the southern end of each aisle sits a clerk. It is his task to register each applicant for admittance to the United States. Here their health certificates are presented, and all the printed questions concerning the name, age, and financial condition of the immigrant are answered. There are interpreters about, to be sure, but the clerks themselves have become expert in asking the necessary questions in many languages.

Once the immigrant gets by the registration clerk, his progress to the freedom of the country is easy and swift. As the incoming traveler steps away from the desk an attendant bawls out: "New York pen!" or else he says: "Railroad pen!" The incoming foreigner who is destined to New York, or a near-by place, is hustled down stairs one way, while the traveler who has a ticket to some interior point is guided down stairs to the "Railway pen." Here, in the fullness of time, he is claimed by the representative of the railroad whose ticket he holds, and is "personally conducted" around, or through and out of, the metropolis. The "Railroad pen" is merely a great, bare room on the ground floor, provided with benches that will seat hundreds. Here the waiting men sit and doze the time away; the women divide their time between trying to doze and walking the floor with babies that simply won't doze. Children of many ages follow the women and pester them with demands for attention.

It is over in the "New York pen" that some of the most interesting scenes are on view. Seven out of every ten of the immigrants who pass the registration clerk and file down here to the lower story expect friends to call for them and to show them the way over to Gotham. Here is another great bare room, of which nearly half is railed and screened off to form the pen. At the narrow gate which forms the only exit stands a watchman past whom it would be folly to try to venture without permission. In the other half of this great room is the bureau of inquiry. Here the relatives or friends who are already domiciled in America come in search of the new arrivals. Giuseppe appears in quest of Giovanni. Giuseppe must go to the lower end of the room, force his way through a crush of hundreds, and give the name of his friend to one of the attendants. Giovanni's entire appellation is thereupon shouted the length of the room until it reaches the pen. Thereupon, if Giovanni's papers are in compliance with all the formalities, he is permitted to pass out of the gate of the pen, through the gateway of the bureau of inquiry, and on to the sight of his waiting friend, who identifies him. With that both depart, stop outside for the embrace and kiss and other extravagant signs of Latin joy, and then both hasten to the ferry-boat that is to bear them to the Battery at the expense of the government. All the way across the bay there is the liveliest chattering. As the pier is made, and the throng of Giuseppes and Giovannis, and the Biancas and Beatrices crowd ashore, the two words most easily distinguishable in the noisy clamor are "America" and "liberty." The travelers have reached the land of their dreams!

On the day of opening the new immigrant receiving-station, in addition to the 654 steerage passengers brought by the *Kaiser Wilhelm II.*, 631 came from the *Victoria*, followed by 961 from the *Vincenzo Florio*, with 105 from Great Britain on the *Umbria*—a total of 2,251, while the facilities of the new building are equal to an influx of 5,000 persons daily.

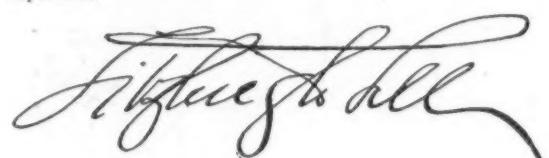
This new building is 385 feet long, 165 feet wide, and sixty-two feet high. The boards of inquiry, which pass upon the cases of immigrants suspected of pauperism, crime, or other disqualifications for landing, are provided with apartments very like court-rooms. There are sleeping quarters for 600 people, which is far in excess of the number of immigrants likely to be detained over night at any one time. On the roof is a play-garden, which, in milder weather, will be thrown open to the children of steerage new-comers. Through the buildings are restaurants in which immigrants, if they are so unfortunate as to be detained

beyond the first day, are fed for a week at the expense of the steamship companies bringing them over. After the week is up, any immigrants who may still be detained are fed at Uncle Sam's cost. The restaurant privilege, held by a private citizen, is the most valuable concession to be had on the island. Next in profit is the money-changing department, where the funds of new arrivals are turned over into American currency at broker's quotation prices.

The Message of the Nineteenth to the Twentieth Century.

(Continued from page 2.)

the sanction of the United States and the unqualified approval of Cuba. The first agreement reached may be but temporary and subject to amendment in the light of further relations and experience.



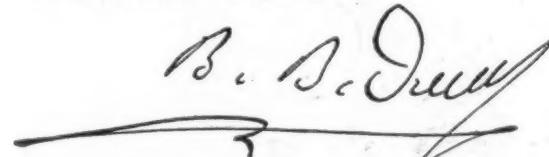
The Message of New York's New Century Governor.



Governor Odell, of New York.

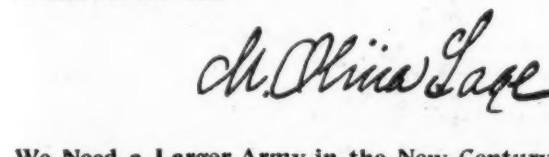
THE development of the arts, the inestimable benefits received from the many scientific discoveries, and the moral, physical, and mental advancement in our people and their surroundings during the past century, impose greater duties and greater responsibilities upon succeeding generations. These obligations should be so discharged that all the people shall share in those advantages which relate to their pleasures, comforts, and necessities.

Our country, which has achieved such a high position among the nations of the earth, should maintain it, not by force of arms, but by her efforts in the cause of humanity. Individuals and governments should seek the same end—to avoid strife, as long as is consistent with honor, to inspire love of country, and to enforce respect for religion and order.



Mrs. Russell Sage's Hopeful Message.

HAVING had nearly three-quarters of the present century as my own, it is difficult to advance into the new, and send "The Message of the Nineteenth Century to the Twentieth." A packet-boat on the Erie Canal, gas unknown, and even matches in my childhood had no place in the household. Eighteen Presidents, Mexican, Civil and Spanish wars all in my recollection, with the tremendous advance of our beloved country gives much satisfaction, and makes me grateful that I have lived to the close of the nineteenth century. Add to this the good, grand men and women I have known. This is my message: Try to emulate the best of the nineteenth in purer, higher living in the twentieth century, making this earth ready for the unfolding of "Peace on earth, good will to man," as Christ hath prepared for those who love Him.



We Need a Larger Army in the New Century.



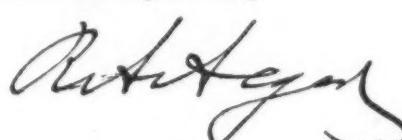
Russell A. Alger, Ex-Secretary of War.

In the United States, while there is no danger of outbreaks among the law-abiding, bread or money winning classes, yet at all times we are subject to the menace or dangers caused by those who make their living by inciting others to riot, and as against those we should always be prepared to act promptly. As a rule a force really prevents the need of its use.

Then I prefer a regular to a volunteer force for these reasons: A regular enlists to be a soldier in peace or war for a definite period. He is not impelled to enter the service through the excitement of impending war, but chooses it as an occupation, whether for war or peace; whereas the volunteer, just as good for fighting or enduring hardships as the regular, enters the service for a specific purpose, and when the needs are passed, or he thinks they are, demands his discharge.

But further still is the objection to the volunteer as compared with the regular. The former leaves a home and friends, who commence to clamor for a change of conditions that involves the country and those in authority in a constant state of excitement, and makes it possible to lose sight of the main object for which the volunteers offered themselves, viz., if needs be, a sacrifice to loyalty and patriotism. One has only to recall the last three years, or more specifically the year 1898, to verify this statement.

At this time our large army in the field is composed of men enlisted at large as regulars, and, while the nation is the same as 1898 and the death-list nearly or quite as large, no special attention is paid to the fact and no clamor for muster-out or change of camp is heard. The regular, on the other hand, has no personal friends to solicit a discharge or a change.



Ex-Governor Black's Warning Message.



EX-GOVERNOR FRANK S. BLACK, OF NEW YORK.

THE most imperative message from this century to the next will be, Get ready. That message will mean even more now than it would have meant from the last century to this. We have pushed out our boundaries, and have given bonds for enterprises which can neither be expressed nor foreseen. Our domain is not all on land as formerly, but is now mostly under water. Having enlarged our dominion we must now get ready to take care of it. Self-gloryification will not do it; nothing will, except an army that can protect us here and a navy that can protect us everywhere. The last war was a triumph by default, and it should not lead us to a mistaken sense of our power. Power is demonstrated, not by whipping a weak enemy, but in being greater than a strong one. Chasing a timid and retreating foe falls far short of proving a capacity to win in a collision with one which is both resolute and equipped. Signs are appearing in various parts of the heavens which indicate that the storm may break and descend upon this country. A policy which is pinched down to the limits of a false national economy, or founded upon national egotism, is the result not of statesmanship, but of folly. The wise will mingle with their celebrations of past victories preparations for future struggles.

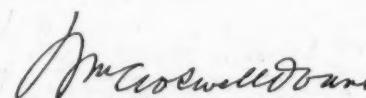


Bishop Doane's Message of Patience and Trust.



BISHOP DOANE, OF ALBANY.

flood of prosperity, with its payment for labor, arrested and paralyzed by contentions and combinations—surely almost an accumulation of signs which seem to portend "the end of all things," and "the end is not yet." But the old century passes on to the new, doubts to be solved, difficulties to be settled, incomplete issues to be wrought out to their completion. And its message is a message of patience and trust. There is an important lesson in the word which the Apostle uses when he sets aside "man's judgment." He speaks of it as "a man's day." This is what we are always doing, fixing a time and a near time. "God," as the old father said, "is patient because eternal." "He sitteth beneath the cherubim, be the earth never so unquiet."



New York's Hall of Fame.

STRICTLY speaking, the Hall of Fame is not a hall at all, according to our narrow understanding of the term. It is a colonnade of semi-circular form, which, beginning just south of the great, round library building of the New York University, at University Heights, curves around by the westward, and terminates at the northern, or opposite end. At the south is a projection that connects with the Hall of Languages; at the north a projection architecturally identical that joins the Hall of Philosophy. The entire colonnade is constructed of grayish Indiana limestone, except that the floor is of brick. Massive pillars uphold a Grecian roof. From the floor a wall rises to a little above the height of a man's knees, but thence upward to the lofty roof all is open.

In and along this low wall niches have been cut, in

which the commemorative tablets are to be set when ready. So far only twenty-nine names have been chosen as those of Americans worthy of a place in the Hall of Fame. Tiffany is designing these tablets from plans furnished by a committee of the university's senate, and it is expected that all of the twenty-nine tablets will have been set in their places by next May. It is hoped that by the close of the year 1902 twenty-one more names will have been chosen for a like honor. Thereafter, during every five years, it is believed that five more names will have been selected until the twenty-first century is ushered in.

There are two iron-clad requirements for place in this noble hall. The candidate must be dead, and dead for many years. He must have been of American birth. It is the wish of the projectors of the Hall of Fame that the American nation should have the first voice in naming its great personages who, under the above requirements, are entitled to this highest meed of fame. Therefore, when new names are to be chosen, any American citizen may send to the senate, or governing body of the university, any name that he wishes to urge, with the reasons why he proffers it for distinction.

It is the task of the senate to select from among living great Americans 100 electors who represent all sections of the country and every great thought and deed. The names nominated by American citizens are made up into a list by the senate and forwarded to these electors. If the number of new names to be chosen is twenty-one, the twenty-one famous Americans who receive the most votes from these electors are the twenty-one who will be next inscribed on the tablets. A committee of the senate of the university canvasses the vote and declares the names of those elected. No procedure could be more national, democratic, or representative of American opinion.

It was in this way that the first twenty-nine names were chosen last summer. In the order of their election this initial lot embraced: George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, Daniel Webster, Benjamin Franklin, Ulysses S. Grant, John Marshall, Thomas Jefferson, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, Robert Fulton, Washington Irving, Jonathan Edwards, Samuel F. B. Morse, David Glasgow Farragut, Henry Clay, Nathaniel Hawthorne, George Peabody, Robert E. Lee, Peter Cooper, Eli Whitney, John James Audubon, Horace Mann, Henry Ward Beecher, James Kent, Joseph Story, John Adams, William Ellery Channing, Gilbert Stuart, and Asa Gray.

Hallowed by age and mellowed in the haze of the past, London's Westminster and Paris's Panthéon are accepted at the value of the ideals for which they stand. New York's Hall of Fame, as the visible sign of justifiable hero-worship on this continent, is in its infancy the product of one of our noblest conceptions. Yet the birth of the idea was due mainly to an architectural necessity. The rotunda of the new library, opened last September, was a noble sample of the builder's art. The extension of the scheme required a low, one-story building from south, by the west, to the north, just beyond the library's walls, for a museum. This low, extra building stood at the top of a slope declining from the quadrangle to the avenue below. This meant an unsightliness offensive to the eye. Prompted by the chancellor, Dr. Henry Mitchell MacCracken, the university's senate provided for the construction of this open colonnade, which is most beautiful sample of American architecture. The museum and colonnade will cost a little more than a quarter of a million of dollars.

Down below in the museum is a corridor some 200 feet long, opening into five large rooms. These will be filled with relics and curiosities, most of them relating to the lives and work of the Americans to whose fame tablets will have been placed in the colonnade above. On the upper walls of the museum are open spaces, six or seven feet high, and of a continuous length of about 300 feet, where mural paintings will be set. The Society of Mural Painters has carefully considered the subject of decorations here. John La Farge, president of the society; Joseph Lauber, chairman of the committee on civic buildings, and several other members have thought over the possibilities of this unfilled mural space. Later on, allegorical paintings, scenes from the lives of our great men, and noble portraits of many of them, will find appropriate room and position.

GERALD HILL.

Wise Landlady.

UNDERSTANDS HOW TO INCREASE HER BUSINESS.

The landlady of a certain restaurant in Brockton, Mass., has increased her business so rapidly that she has had to enlarge her dining-room to accommodate the continually increasing patronage. One of her guests gives the reason.

"Every morning she serves her regular guests with Grape-Nuts and hot milk or hot cream in cold weather, and cold cream in summer. I began eating this food and right away began to feel an improvement in my health. I had been terribly troubled with nervousness and dyspepsia and found it impossible to find a food that would agree with me until I began boarding at this restaurant.

"The new food, in four months, increased my weight from 120 pounds to 145, and I never felt as well in my life as I do now. There is something remarkable in the sustaining power of this food. I have never been able to obtain such results from any other." G. R. Hersey, 30 L Street, Brockton, Mass.

For a Nerve Tonic

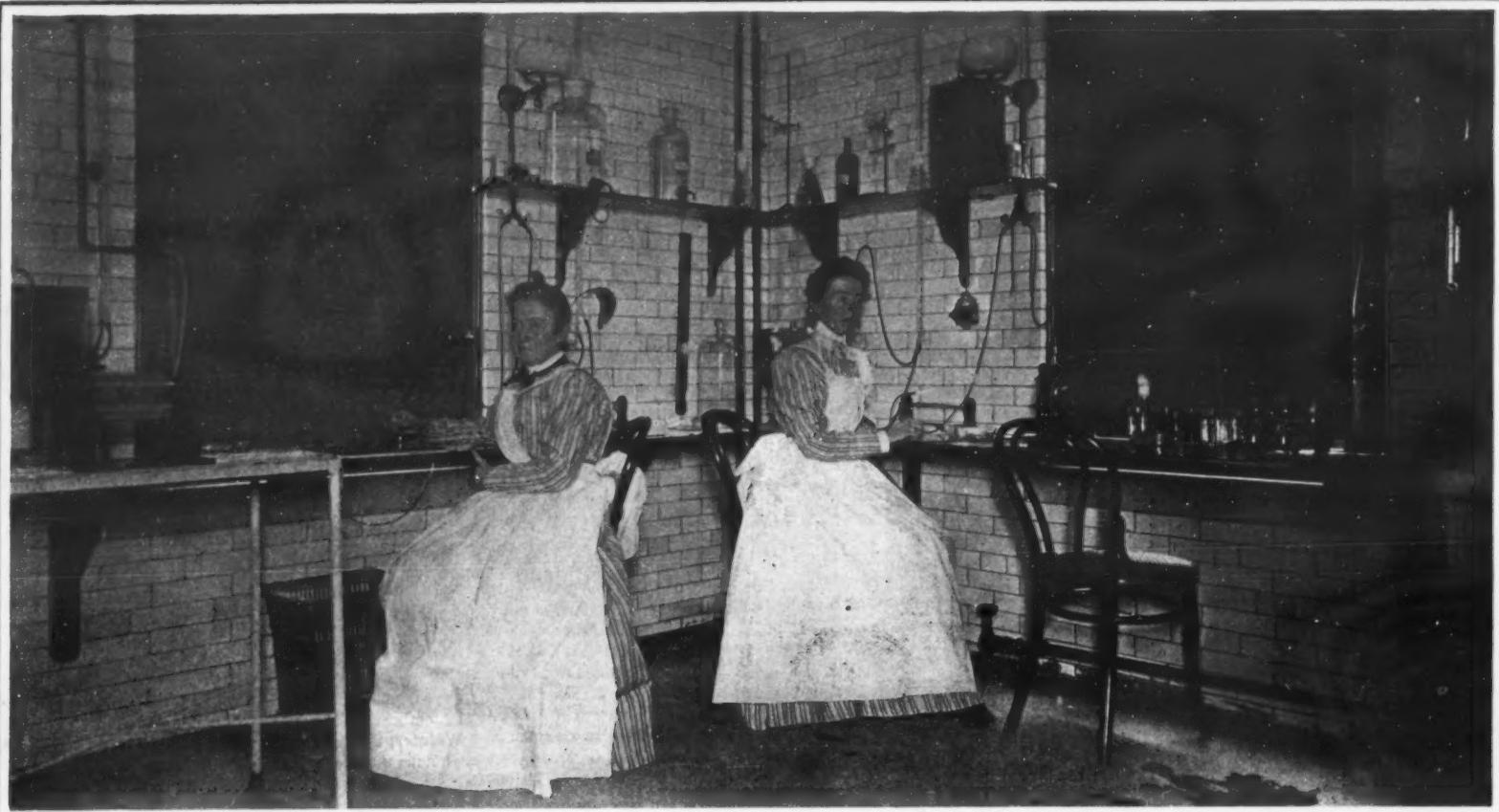
USE HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

Dr. H. M. HARLOW, Augusta, Me., says: "One of the best remedies in all cases in which the system requires an acid and a nerve tonic."

Always the Same.

THERE never is any change in the superior qualities of the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk. In delicate flavor, richness and perfect keeping qualities it can be guaranteed. It has stood first for forty years. Avoid unknown brands.

ABILITY to succeed is limited by your health. Attain your full possibilities by using Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters. The great strength giver.



FILLING CAPILLARY TUBES WITH VACCINE VIRUS AT THE HEALTH DEPARTMENT LABORATORY.



INOCULATED CALVES IN STALLS IN THE SANITARY STABLE—THE CLEANEST CALF-PEN IN THE WORLD.



EXPERT ASSISTANTS REMOVING VIRUS PULP FROM A CALF TO BE USED ON NEW YORK'S MASSES.



A ROOM IN THE CRIMINAL-COURT BUILDING, WHERE THOUSANDS ARE VACCINATED FREE.

FREE VACCINATION FOR NEW YORK'S MILLIONS.

HOW THE VIRUS IS PREPARED IN THE FINEST LABORATORY IN THE WORLD FOR USE BY THE HEALTH DEPARTMENT'S DOCTORS.
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN ESPECIALLY FOR "ELIE'S WEEKLY."—[SEE PAGE 10.]

IN THE REALM OF WOMEN.

A New Year's Meditation.

OUR practical habit is to measure time by motion. There is no possible connection between these two; for the hours float by as swiftly for a sleeping innocent child as for a galley-slave, the one perfectly still and unconscious, the other harassed and hated, stringing his sinews to toil every moment. These both grow old just as fast together. But nature has set us the example, or, at any rate, given us the hint, making prophecies of pendulums in the annual and diurnal revolutions of the planet upon whose surface we dwell. That seems to be the way in which we have been taught to force activity into registers. The standard of unchanging value in coin among all nations is derived from the worth of one able-bodied man's labor from sunrise to sunset.

We are conscious very rarely how much we are controlled by the ceaseless pressure of moments and days. Like a staff in a stream, seeking to float upright, but resistlessly bending to the current because it is more rapid at the surface, so we find ourselves leaning forward as we drift, inclining our heads to outrace the hours as they hurry us ever on. We are positively manufactured over in taste, sensibility, and views by the silent rush around us, so that twice or thrice in a single life we undergo an entire revolution. Time does all that; not abruptly, or we should resist. Those who dwell near the seashore often remark how all the trees point their scant boughs inland before the unseen wind. But they are not so apt to notice how we all, wherever we live, bend our topmost branches of purpose with a slant before the irresistible pressure of time constantly urging its way.

We speak of an hour's thought, of taking a little season for reflection, of planning a summer's vacation, or of projecting a winter's endeavor. Whereas neither thought nor reflection, enjoyment nor endeavor, can be measured appropriately by any sort of clock-work; one moment of vivid experience holds in it the intensity of a year's common pleasure and suffering sometimes. And yet our terrestrial habit has become so fixed that we cannot do otherwise, in this present state of being, than to count off the items of our soul's history by the regular marks on a dial-plate or the periodic rising of a star.

Now the misfortune of this arrangement is, that when we are happy time keeps us in an agitated tremor of haste; and when we are under pain time retards our escape from it with terrible delay. No social evening can be passed without our having its enjoyment interrupted with the unreasonably rapid stroke of the indefatigable bell on the mantel. And yet if we are ill in the very night which follows, that same clock will creep over the figures as if the hands were clogged with lead. So we feel that we are at a disadvantage. Time is not honest with us.

Moreover, time is remorseless and wearing in its repeated admonitions concerning our weakness and exposure. It takes away all comfort to be told so often that we are running out our last sands. We have all read of an Eastern king who kept a servant just for the especial office of saying to him the moment he was awakened each morning, "O king, thou art mortal!" Nobody needs to wonder that this was considered an unwelcome and somewhat dangerous charge. For the monarch, as might have been expected, at last grew savagely impatient under the reiteration.

Each beating of the pulse, each throbbing of the heart, indexes one step more toward the sundering of some tie, or the nearing of some fresh catastrophe. Each tick of the watch in one's pocket says, "Seventy more men and women are dead." We lie down in darkness; we awake at the dawn.

Where Women Are Most Beautiful.

IT is an ancient idea fostered in the poetry and romance of all ages and lands, and clinging still to the minds of men, that rural life is specially conducive to physical beauty and attractiveness, to the all-around development of the human form. Poets, song-writers, and story-tellers have never grown weary of depicting the rosy cheeks, the bright eyes, the red lips, the buxom forms, and other charms of country maidens, and the impression has become fixed and general that it is by country highways and by-ways, among the waving meadows and blossoming orchards that the fairest and most perfect types of womanhood are to be found; that there the Hebes, the Dianas, and the Phyllises are to be met in their most lovely and entrancing shapes.

It would seem almost like a cruel and ungallant act to attempt to dispel this fond and venerable delusion as to the beauty of country women, but the interests of truth and justice demand that it be done. It may be readily admitted that, other things being equal, the freer life, the purer air, the closer touch with the joyous and health-giving forces of nature vouchsafed to the resident of the open country would have the natural effect of producing the finer and more symmetrical types of men and women. It is just because things are not equal, because the natural forces which make for health and beauty in a rural atmosphere are largely offset or nullified through artificial means, through unhealthful habits or modes of life, that the balance is in favor of the dweller in the city or town. For the fact of the matter is that it is not in country lanes, nor yet at huskings or sewing-bees, that the most beautiful, most attractive

women are to be met. Rather is it on the avenues and in the parks and shopping districts of our urban communities that one sees most frequently the finest types of womanhood, the best developed and most healthful appearing faces and forms.

Let any one institute a comparison, for example, between the women, young and old, whom he sees at a country camp-meeting, a country fair, or any other gathering chiefly of rural folk, and the same number of women of the same relative standing, socially and financially, whom he sees in a city church, or in a crowd of city shoppers or pleasure-seekers, and he cannot fail to be struck by the marked superiority in every physical feature and characteristic of the town-bred woman over her country sister. The average woman brought up in a city home has a finer complexion, rosier cheeks, and a better figure, and retains the vigor and freshness of her youth much longer than the average woman of the country-side.

The question thus raised has many points and phases on each of which many things might be said. We can mention briefly only a few of the causes which lead to the differences in the physical make-up of the two classes of women with the advantage on the side of the city resident. Most of it is due to the fact that the wife and daughter of the average farmer work harder and longer, have fewer diversions or healthful amusements, pay less attention to sanitation and other laws of wholesome living, and know far less of the art of dressing becomingly and of other helps to personal attractiveness than their city cousins. It is a truth which every observant person will readily confirm that the homes even of well-to-do country people are not generally provided with bathing facilities, ventilating apparatus, a pure water supply, and many other conveniences and appliances to be found in city homes of the same financial grade, all of which help to make life easier and preserve and promote health, strength, and beauty.

A like difference obtains in the regular food supply of the two classes of people. The table of the city home presents a far greater variety of fresh, wholesome, and well-cooked food than the table of the farmer. More care and attention are paid to such things in the one case than in the other, with evident results. The householder in the town is able to have fresh fruit, meats, and vegetables from the markets practically all the year round, while the housewife on the farm is able to serve these things on her table only for a brief season each year, and must depend for the greater part of the time on meats and other foods which have been pickled, preserved, dried or "salted down," and which are not conducive to sound digestion.

All matters of this sort—food, sanitation, hours of labor and opportunities for recreation, and general habits and ways of life—have a large and direct influence in the production or conservation of physical beauty, and it is precisely in these directions that the woman of the city enjoys a great advantage over the members of her sex who spend their lives in strictly rural surroundings. It is in country homes and social circles that one sees a much larger relative proportion of sallow faces, round shoulders, and prematurely aged and broken-down people than would be met in city homes and circles of the same social status. And much, though not all, that has been said of the women in this connection might be said of the men of the country and town respectively.

It may be remarked, in conclusion, that the differences thus pointed out are probably not so great as they were in former days, when the country was less thickly populated, and before railroads, telephones, trolley-cars, and free mail delivery had helped to break down the isolation and narrowness of country life, and to bring the dweller among the hills and on the plains into closer touch with the refining, inspiring, and progressive agencies of the best modern civilization.

New Year's Customs in Wales.

THERE are many New Year's customs in Wales which are of great antiquity. One of these is called the apple gift. In every town and village children go about on New Year's day bearing an apple, which is curiously bedizened. Three sticks in the form of a tripod are thrust into the apple to serve as a rest to stand it on, a skewer is inserted in one side as a handle to carry it by, and the apple itself, first smeared with flour, is perforated with oats or wheat, or, failing these, bits of broken matches to represent them. The top is decorated with thyme, or any other sweet evergreen. This elaborate contrivance is lowered ceremoniously, with the invocation of good wishes for the New Year, at the door of every shop or house, or in front of the passer-by; and hard indeed would be that heart which would fail to be touched by the gentle courtesy of these pretty children, repeating an action that every Christmas in Wales for ages past has seen performed. Scarcely an observer but responds to the time-honored civility by the gift of a trifling coin.

The interpretation of the New Year's apple is given by Christian symbolism as representing the offering of gold, frankincense and myrrh to the Infant Jesus; but a more ancient explanation refers the custom to the remote Druidic days, when the apple was meant to symbolize the sun, the evergreens its perennial life, the three supporting sticks the three rays of the sun, the mystic name of the Creator, while the grains of wheat or oats were Avagddu's spears, Avagddu being Satan, or the principle of darkness, against which the sun is ever at warfare.

Another Welsh custom for the New Year's morning is pleasing. At dawn children hasten to the well and draw water which, by the aid of fragrant boughs, they sprinkle in the faces of those they meet, accompanying the purification by the following quaint song:

"Here we bring new water from the well so clear,
For to worship God with, this happy New Year;
Sing levy dew, sing levy dew, the water and the wine,
With seven bright gold wires, and bugles that do shine.
Sing the reign of fair maid, with gold upon her toe,
Open you the West door, and let the old year go!
Sing the reign of fair maid, with gold upon her chin,
Open you the East door, and let the New Year in!"

Llef I Dduw, in the Welsh language, means "a cry to God"; and in Wales every one believes that at no time of the year does the Heavenly Father listen so attentively to the supplication of His children as during the holiday season, coincident with the hallowed anniversary of the mystic birth of our Divine Lord.

OLIVE LOGAN.

What Women Want To Know.

APPROPOS of the servant problem is a story which comes from far-off Tasmania, which would seem to show that the millennium has arrived there already, so far at least as women cooks are concerned. There the most incompetent servants can command the best wages and choose their mistresses at that. Recently the cook at a Tasmanian hotel, who was drawing the not-to-be-despised wage of ten dollars a week, demanded a rise, and when refused immediately gave notice. At the end of the week, however, instead of departing with her baggage, she merely moved to one of the best apartments in the house, and as there was nothing against her character she could not be turned out. At meal times, the Sydney *Bulletin* says, she sampled every dish and audibly criticised the cooking—done by the unfortunate landlady herself. This went on for a week. Then flesh and blood could stand it no longer, and the cook moved back to her old room with a raise to twenty dollars a week, twice the former amount.

The ancient and venerable question first raised in Adam's day, and discussed with more or less vigor by that gentleman's descendants ever since, as to who is the head of the house, the man or the woman, has been settled, it may be hoped finally, by Judge Purnell, of the United States Circuit Court. The point came up in a case in Virginia, where a woman, a store-keeper, endeavored to take advantage of the bankruptcy law, but had her petition denied by a lower court on the ground that, as she was married and living with her husband, she was not the head of the house. Judge Purnell reversed this decision and rendered an opinion to the effect that a married woman living with or apart from her husband is the head of the household in the legal sense of the term. As this decision was rendered in a Federal court, it applies, of course, to the whole country, and all American women from Puget Sound to Calais may rejoice that their status has been fixed beyond further dispute. Husbands and other masculine usurpers may now step down and out.

Fresh Hints on Health Topics.

To the suggestions recently made in this column regarding the cure of obesity we may add some recommendations on the same subject offered by a well-known medical authority. He says that in attempts to reduce bodily weight care should be taken to avoid all measures which tend to weaken the strength and especially heart action. There should be a regulation not only of the amount of food and drink, but also of the general mode of living and former habits, all of which must be based on a careful consideration of each individual case. The amount of exercise may be regulated by means of a pedometer, and the number of daily steps carefully increased; in due time the patient may be allowed to climb hills, but the heart should be carefully watched.

In a recent address before the domestic science department of the Brooklyn Institute, on "The Composition and Value of Foods," Mrs. John Kendall Drum laid emphasis upon the importance of having a proper proportion of fat in the daily dietary, in order to insure proper digestion. It is asserted, she said, that the faulty nutrition which results in tuberculosis is caused by a deficiency of oily substances in the diet. For that reason cod liver oil and similar remedies are prescribed for the disease. In proof of this theory it is stated that although in Iceland every circumstance favors scrofulous conditions, the people are remarkably free from them. This is probably due to their fatty diet. A physician reports that nine-tenths of the people who die of consumption between the ages of fifteen and forty-five years have never used fat meats.

A recent epidemic of black diphtheria, which caused a large number of deaths among children in the vicinity of Grafton, Ill., has been traced by local physicians to wild rabbits caught and eaten by the afflicted families. For several weeks hunters found large numbers of rabbits dead in the woods and hills around Grafton. Some of the dead animals were brought to the village, and an examination by physicians revealed the fact that the animals had died from diphtheria. The discovery was not made, however, until several days after the epidemic had got a good foothold in the village, and all the efforts to get it under control proved futile. The authorities now think the epidemic was spread in Grafton by people eating the rabbits brought into the market. While they were apparently healthy, they had evidently been inoculated with the diphtheria by the dead animals.

AMONG THE YOUNG PEOPLE.

Baby Thoughts.

THERE are lots of things I wonder,
I want to know them all—
Whose carriage makes the thunder
And why I am not tall;
What the robins all are saying,
Whose tears the raindrops are;
If my dolly likes obeying,
If heaven is very far;
If that tiny cloud's a feather
Just blown up in the sky,
And what makes all our weather,
And why I cannot fly.
Where the great bright sun is hiding
When it has gone away,
Where the stars are all abiding
When there dawns the happy day,
Why all the plants are growing,
Whose lamps the lightnings are,
Whence all the winds are blowing,
And if they travel far.
Why sometimes 'tis much colder,
And why my roses fall—
When I am ten times older
I s'pose I'll know it all.

MABEL CRONISE JONES.

Boys as Inventors.

It is not surprising, perhaps, that with all their alertness, their love of trying something new, and their large bump of curiosity, wide-awake boys should be numbered among the world's great inventors. Such is the fact. That indispensable feature of the steam-engine, the valve-motion, came into being through the mind of a bright lad, by the name of Humphrey Potter. He was employed once to work the valve-levers on an old-fashioned engine in a mine. As he was engaged in this task he saw that parts of the engine moved in the right direction while others did not.

He procured a strong cord, and made one end fast to the proper part of the engine, and the other end to the valve-lever; and the boy then had the satisfaction of seeing the engine move with perfect regularity of motion.

A short time after the foreman came around and saw the boy playing marbles at the door. Looking at the engine he saw the ingenuity of the boy, and also the advantage of so great an invention. The idea suggested by the boy's inventive genius was put in a practical form and made the steam-engine an automatic working machine.

The power-loom is the invention of a farmer's boy who had never seen or heard of such a thing.

He whittled one out with his jack-knife, and after he had it all done he, with great enthusiasm, showed it to his father, who at once kicked it to pieces, saying he would have no boy about him that would spend his time on such foolish things.

The boy was sent to a blacksmith to learn a trade, and his master took a lively interest in him. He made a loom of what was left of the one his father had broken up, and showed it to his master.

The blacksmith saw he had no common boy as an apprentice, and that the invention was a valuable one. He had a loom constructed under the supervision of the boy. It worked to their perfect satisfaction, and the blacksmith furnished the means to manufacture the looms, and the boy received half the proceeds.

In about a year the blacksmith wrote the boy's father that he should bring with him a wealthy gentleman who was the inventor of the celebrated power-loom.

You may be able to judge of the astonishment at the old home when his own son was presented to the farmer as the inventor, who told him that the loom was the same as the model that he had kicked to pieces but a year ago.

The Cunning of Gulls.

AMONG sailors and ocean fishermen the world over there is no creature held in higher esteem than the gull. So true is this that he is sometimes called *par excellence* "the fisherman's friend." He is held in special regard by these toilers of the sea because of his keenness of sight, his shrewdness and knowledge of the ways of fish. The gull often guides the fisherman to good waters and helps him in many other ways.

It is pleasant to know that the gull is as much indebted to the fisherman as the fisherman is to the gull. Wherever fish are cut up for bait there is always a supply of heads, tails, bones, and entrails, and these the gulls immediately pounce upon and fight over; and, with an eye to these relics, they patiently follow fishing-boats for miles. A fisherman who leaves his boat with fish on board unprotected and uncovered is neither surprised nor angry to find that the gulls have come to the conclusion that it was intended for them. Occasionally the practice of taking what they want without asking leads to unpleasant results. Not long ago some fishermen on the English coast moored a big boat off a cove, which had been used to carry pilchards from the seine to the shore. Pilchards were abundant, and, therefore, many were left behind in the corners of the boat. These the gulls scrambled for and wrangled over; and, when their meal was ended, peacefully departed. At least, so thought the fishermen; but what was their

astonishment on reaching the scene of the banquet to find half a score of the guests in the bottom of the boat, flapping their wings in helpless distress. They had eaten so much that they could not fly!

The morals of gulls are often as unsatisfactory as their manners; and they not only quarrel over the food they find, but also steal without shame, both from friends and strangers. A thrifty dog, for instance, which lays in a store of savory bones as a provision for the future, soon finds that it is easier to store bones than to keep them. Gulls have no old-fashioned respect for the rights of property, and, therefore, lay their heads together, and concoct a plan by which the bones may be "conveyed" from the dog to themselves. A dozen thieves pitch upon adjacent rocks and pretend to go to sleep, while one of their number seizes a bone, in the face of day and in defiance of the owner's rights. Naturally, the dog resents this robbery, and pursues the receding gull with fierce barks to the very edge of the cliff, and then returns in triumph with the bone in his mouth. Alas for his feelings! He finds when he gets back that all the other bones have departed in company with the sleeping gulls.

A Remarkable Little Girl.

MUCH has been said in the public press recently concerning the astonishing performances of a Spanish boy on various musical instruments. Although only six years old this lad plays the most difficult musical compositions at sight, and his improvisations are no less wonderful. It would appear that America has produced a musical prodigy no less remarkable in little Hattie Scholder, who gave a press recital at Steinway Hall, New York, a few weeks ago. Her brief career has been rarely duplicated, and fully illustrates how great a future she possesses. At the age of three she astonished her friends with the exquisite melody of an



HATTIE SCHOLDER, THE WONDERFUL GIRL-PIANIST.

étude from Koehler. Her education began at the age of four, while four years later she made her first professional appearance at a concert given at the Waldorf-Astoria. Her repose is marvelous. Her playing is wonderful from every point of view. A Bach prelude and fugue and a gavotte by the same master are played after the best classic traditions. Repeatedly she has astounded her hearers by playing two movements of the Mozart concerto in E flat. She plays entirely by memory, and her répertoire includes all the more difficult works of the celebrated masters, notably such as the Hungarian Fantasie by Liszt and the Mozart concerto, besides fifty-six concertos ranging from Bach to the most modern. Among the many concerts arranged for the present season in which Miss Scholder has participated was one on the evening of December 14th, at Mendelssohn Hall. On this occasion she was assisted by an orchestra of forty.

Heroes of To-day.

No class of public servitors lead a more eventful and adventurous life, or are called upon more frequently to perform deeds requiring a high degree of personal courage, than the members of the life-saving crews stationed along the coasts of our lakes and seas. The fact that these men are paid for their services, and that daring deeds are a part of their regular line of duty, does not detract from their truly heroic qualities nor from the admiration justly due to men of this stamp. Many instances go on record every year where these life-savers go far beyond the strict limits of required service in their efforts to reach and save persons in danger of death in the waves.

According to the recent report of the superintendent of the life-saving service, out of 2,655 persons whose lives were placed in jeopardy by reason of marine disasters last year, 2,602 were saved and only forty-eight lost. Besides the number of persons saved from vessels of all kinds there were five hundred and ninety-five others rescued, who had fallen from wharves, piers, and other positions of extreme peril, many of whom would have perished without the aid of life-saving crews. Five hundred and fourteen of these were rescued from dwelling-houses, outbuildings, and other elevated places submerged wholly or in part by the terrible flood of the Brazos River in Texas, July 6th to 12th, 1899. The investigations made into the details of every shipwreck involving loss of life, and into the conduct of the life-saving crews, show that no life was lost through lack of prompt and faithful efforts on the part of the life-saving men. More than one-half of those who perished were lost by reason of their unwise attempts to reach the shore in their own boats instead of remaining on board the wrecks.

A writer in *The Outlook* tells the story of a brave man who risked his life to save others during a recent season of distress and suffering in Alaska. The man was the Rev. Loyal L. Wirt, superintendent of Congregational missions in Alaska. He traveled by dog team and snow-shoes from Cape Nome, twelve hundred and fifty miles, in the depth of Arctic winter, over the frozen sea and across the wilderness of the Yukon, to get the re-enforcements needed for the next winter in hand before it should be too late. Leaving his wife and her little children at Cape Nome, he "went out over the ice" and got through in fifty-three days. Though sometimes sleeping in snow-banks, sharing with Indians their diet of fish and berries, his knees swollen from two weeks' continuous snow-shoeing, and finally, after four days of extreme peril in the rough seas of Helikof Strait, which he crossed in an Indian kayak, he arrived none the worse for such exposure and suffering.

Waiting for His Master.

A PATHETIC story illustrative of that faithfulness which seems to be a predominant trait of the canine race is related in the *London Express*. At the Southampton Docks, it says, there waits, and has waited for nearly a year, a terrier dog; out on the *feldt*, under a rough-hewn cross, lies the body of his master, who has gone to answer his "Last Roll-Call." But the dog still waits, and meets every incoming transport with an eagerness pathetic in its intensity. It mingles with the landing troops, yearningly searching for its dead master, and when its quest has resulted in the usual failure it disappears as mysteriously as it came.

When the Composite Regiment of the Household Cavalry, now on its way home, embarked at Southampton for the Cape, as the vessel was about to sail, a stowaway was discovered and promptly put over the side. He was only the dog of a trooper, to whom he was faithfully attached, and as the transport left her moorings he sprang into the sea and swam after her. A small boat saved his life and put him ashore.

Since then the dog has taken up his quarters in the docks, awaiting the return of his master, but in vain, for on the arrival, some little time back, of a few invalids belonging to the Composite Regiment they told the sad tidings that their comrade, his master, had been killed facing the foe, and they almost wept when they saw the faithful dog.

The docks police have now given the poor terrier a home, and between them and their recruit, who figures upon the muster-roll as "Jack," a warm attachment has sprung up, but it has not lessened in one whit his eager search of every incoming transport.

"Leslie's Weekly" in the Schools.

WE are constantly in receipt of letters of compliment and congratulation on the quality and character of LESLIE'S WEEKLY, the steady improvement in its various departments, and its enterprise in securing most promptly the best illustrations of the world's notable events. One of the most unique tributes that we have received is transmitted by Professor W. L. Pedrick, a teacher in the Island School, California, who writes us as follows: "By a wise provision in our California school law we are permitted to subscribe for one or more papers or magazines, with the consent of our county superintendent. When I told him that I wished to subscribe for LESLIE'S WEEKLY, he very willingly consented. To say that we have derived great benefits from its weekly visits falls short of the truth. It has been a constant source of delight to all. I have noted with gratification the increasing interest taken in the paper by all old enough to appreciate it. Whenever a new copy arrives it is always surrounded by a group of admirers. I send herewith a testimonial signed by some of my pupils of all ages."

The inclosure is as follows, and it suggests to the generous friends of our public schools the nature of a gift to the children that would certainly be appreciated:

To the Publishers of LESLIE'S WEEKLY: We, the undersigned, pupils of the Island School, do hereby testify our appreciation of your excellent paper. We cheerfully endorse all that our teacher has said concerning it and hope that we may be permitted to enjoy its visits for many years. T. K. Fulmor, 14; D. S. Jacobsen, 11; J. N. Fulmor, 11; Peter Nisson, 13; Jay Nisson, 14; Ada Lanini, 14; Jennie Anderson, 15; Wm. Johnson, 14; Mabel Nisson, 11; Amy Andreason, 10; James Andreason, 12; Gertie Dillon, 14; Kate Dillon, 15; Peter Jacobsen, 9; Florence Fulmor, 15; Elise Christensen, 13; Fred Johnson, 13; Peter Hansen, 12.

THEIR NEW YEAR'S RESOLVES.

To begin with, it must be understood that they were very, very young. Jack was twenty-two, and Mabel had but barely blossomed from nineteen into twenty. Both were extraordinarily good—that is, they wanted to be. Conscience was a sort of fetish with both. Some one has said that conscience is the only luxury allowed to the poor.

Let it not be understood that Jack and Mabel were absolutely poor. Mabel's father held a rather decent professorship in one of the universities of New York City, although he found that it took the whole of his salary to keep Mrs. Pelham and Mabel in their proper station and to pay the expenses of a very moderate house not far north of Washington Square. Jack held a position in a wholesale house in Barclay Street that paid him fifteen hundred a year. He was naturally a hustler, and it was understood that in the very near future he would receive a substantial raise. When the raise came, he and Mabel, it had been decided, were to go out in search of a parson and a flat.

It was New Year's Eve, and the young people were seated on the same sofa in the Pelham parlor. In the next room, the study, sat the professor with some of his favorite books.

"I wish I were a good deal better fellow than I am," broke out Jack, impetuously.

"Hush!" said Mabel, gently. "You are the best fellow in the world."

"Thank you, dear, for saying so," replied Jack. "Nevertheless, I know that I am not. When I think of what I am, and of what I would like to be, it makes me as blue as—a sapphire."

"I suppose the last day in the year is the time when every one feels that he has fallen a good deal short of his ideal, and that he would like to step right up to where he belongs in the scale of goodness," suggested Mabel.

"Yes, and I realize what a worthless fellow I am," groaned Jack. "You know—you must know—how I love you, dear. Yet every time I look down into your sweet face I feel what an utter scoundrel I am to aspire to your dear love."

"Hush!" came the serious answer. "I can't allow any one to talk that way about the man who is to be my dear husband."

"Do you see this?" demanded Jack, with sudden remorse. Thrusting a hand into one of his vest pockets he brought forth a cigar. He held it before her, though he was careful not to bring the noxious weed too close to her pretty little nose. "You don't like smoking," he went on, remorsefully. "Oh, I am a beast to find delight in tobacco when you abhor it so. See here!"

Breaking the cigar in two, he threw the fragments into the coal scuttle that stood beside the open fire.

"I—I suppose I could—become accustomed to the smell of tobacco—if—if I had to," declared Mabel, hesitatingly.

"But you sha'n't; you mustn't; it isn't right that you should," asserted Jack, his conscience pricking him terribly as he looked down into those lenient, trusting eyes. "And see here, darling, I might as well tell you the whole of my villainy."

Mabel stole an upward, inquiring look at him. Jack, in the throes of a lover's smitten conscience, shuddered, but he went on, bravely:

"Mabel, dearest, there is nothing worse on earth than a drunkard. Heaven helping me, I will never—never be a sot. Yet—yes, I must tell you. This last week, while out with other fellows on business, I have taken no less than three cocktails!"

At this confession Mabel looked genuinely frightened.

"I—I suppose you knew best, dear," she replied, gently. "The demands of business—so I have heard—are so extraordinary nowadays that sometimes a man can't refuse to drink—once in a great while—with being thought a milk-sop."

"I don't care what anybody thinks," declared Jack, almost fiercely. "All I know is that I'm engaged to marry the sweetest, dearest girl in the world. I've got to be worthy of her. If I'm not, then I'm a scoundrel. This is New Year's Eve—the time for new resolves. After this, darling, I'm going to be good—I've got to be. No more tobacco! Nothing to drink that is stronger than coffee or ginger-ale. That's my New Year's resolution."

"Thank you, dear," cooed Mabel, nestling closer. "Now, what can I give up?"

"Nothing, darling. You are simply perfect as you are."

"But I must give up something, if you do. Dearest, what do you regard as my worst sin?"

"Your—what?" gasped Jack, looking down into her face with eyes that fairly beamed with adoration.

"But I am wicked, I'm sure I am," she insisted, letting her gaze fall to the carpet. "You are so good—so self-sacrificing, while I—I—"

"You're simply perfect," insisted Jack.

"No! I've thought of something not just right that I've been doing," she announced, triumphantly, after a few seconds of thought. "I eat a good deal of candy. You don't approve of it—I know you don't. Well, after this, I shall not know the taste of candy."

"Fudge!" protested Jack, generously.

"But I mean it," she declared. "If you are going to be so thoroughly good, so am I. No more can—"

"But, oh dear!" groaned Jack, with anticipations of future temptation rising before him. He released the arm that had rested over Mabel's shoulders, rose and began to pace back and forth across the floor. "I want to be so good, so worthy of you, and the flesh is so weak."

I'm afraid I've grown so fond of tobacco that I shall terribly miss a cigar or two a day."

"Then don't give them up," urged the girl.

"But I must, or I sha'n't be fit to marry you," he argued, desperately. "And the cocktails! No one but a man who has lost all sense of shame could permit such a beverage to pass his lips. Yet I am so weak. Unless I know that the severest punishment awaits me, I am so likely to feel that I want just a whiff or two from a cigar. I feel the need of having some kind of penalty always before me. Mabel, I am going to swear—"

"Jack, dearest, don't!" cried the girl, springing to his side and holding one dear hand over his lips.

"I mean, pet, that I'm going to take an oath that I'll never again smoke, or—"

"Don't," pleaded Mabel. "An oath is such a formal, awful thing. Surely, your word is enough."

"No," disputed Jack; "I must have some penalty before me."

"What is your dearest hope in life?" asked the girl, with her eyes on the carpet.

"As if you had to ask that!" retorted Jack, vehemently.

"Then how—how would it answer," suggested Mabel, "if we were to agree that neither of us is to break his New Year's resolution? If either one of us backsides, it means the breaking of our engagement."

"Just the idea!" cried Jack, rapturously. "Neither one of us would take such a risk as that—not for the whole world in exchange. Now we are sure to be good!"

And so the compact was sealed with many a protestation and a few kisses. Professor Pelham, seated in the next room, could not help overhearing the more vehement parts of the conversation. There was a rather queer, half-cynical look on his face as he lighted his pipe, and he sat there watching the smoke curl up to the ceiling after he heard the front door close.

On the next morning Jack slept rather late. When he did get up, had gone down stairs and returned to his room, he felt a provoking, itching desire for a cigar. But he had his choice between being truly good and losing Mabel. As the desire to smoke grew stronger, he took to promenading up and down the room, and so walked off the temptation that would have meant the loss of the dearest girl in the world. Two or three times there came a knock on the door, but Jack knew that it was one or another of "the fellows" who had called. As he knew what that meant on New Year's day, he refused to acknowledge himself at home. In fact, he stayed in the house all day. It was hard, but what won't a fellow do to be worthy of the best girl in the world?

On the morning of the second, Jack was up bright and early, determined to breakfast early and hurry down to business. Tucked under his plate was a letter from the head of the house that employed him. That employer, just returned from Europe, notified him, with regret, that the necessity for curtailment of expenses would make it imperative to dispense with Jack's services in the future. A check for a small amount, in lieu of notice, was enclosed. Poor lad! Forgetting breakfast, he went up to his room, buried his head in his arms on the little centre table, and actually wept. It was such a bitter thought—to have to postpone the search for the parson and the flat! After half an hour the boy's determination came back. He started resolutely down town, visiting every house in the same line of business as that from which he had been dropped. It proved a dispiriting day's work. Every house was "full." In all New York there didn't appear to be a shadow of a chance for so competent a young fellow as Jack.

Towards night he returned, alighting at Fourteenth Street, in order that he might walk the last few blocks. Not a dozen steps from the car he ran into several fellows whom he had known in a business way down town. Of course he was dragged into the crowd, and the first minute wasn't over when they all knew that Jack was "out" with the house. Full of sympathy they bore Jack along to a near-by restaurant, though the poor fellow protested that he hadn't the least desire to eat. Once seated at the table, these fellows, of course, decided to have something to drink as a preliminary. The waiter wrote their orders on his slip.

"Bring me a ginger ale," said Jack, miserably.

One of the fellows had a surreptitious word in the waiter's ear. The glasses came, Jack's full of a brown liquid that looked just like ginger ale. He was thirsty and took a long gulp. Next he glanced around at the crowd with a look of horror.

"Fellows," he gasped, "you—you've had my glass filled with cocktail stuff!"

There was a laugh and a chorus of jeers about New Year's nonsense. Jack felt as if his heart would stop beating. He wanted to fight, but felt too weak. Then the stuff began to warm him. His New Year's resolution was broken, any way, so he took just one more sip to warm and revive him. He knew, in a dull, desperate sort of way, that Mabel was lost to him forever. Perhaps it was just as well, if he was never to find another good position. Two more rounds came to the table. Jack manfully refused to drink again, and had a couple of cigars thrust into one of his vest pockets.

Just then he caught sight of a face. The face belonged to his uncle Tobias, Jack's sole wealthy relative in the world. Uncle Tobias was a jolly-faced kind of old chap, who knew how to be very stern. As he caught sight of his nephew he beckoned to him.

"Jack," said the old man, quickly, as his nephew reached his side, "do you remember how you talked back

to me when I told you you were a fool to think of marrying Mabel Pelham? I met her the other night. By Jove! I wish I were young enough to try the young-lover dodge. See here, Jack, my boy, when you marry her I settle thirty thousand dollars on you and make you my heir. If you don't marry her within six months my offer's off, and you never see a cent of my money. You know, you young rascal, whether I'm a man of my word or not."

Uncle Tobias hurried out into the street. After a minute or two, as soon as he came out of his daze, Jack followed. Oh, this was frightfully bitter! Mabel and a snug little fortune had been within his grasp, and now he must lose both because of his own broken pledge. In his desperation Jack started around the corner at headlong gait. In doing so, he all but ran into Mabel, just coming out of a confectioner's shop. In one hand she carried a little box wrapped in pink paper.

"Mabel!" cried Jack, halting aghast, "you've been buying candy!"

She flushed, then turned intensely pale. Next she looked at him searchingly as he bent over her.

"Jack," she asked, "do I smell—anything—on your breath?"

As quickly as he could Jack drew her hand under his arm and led her into one of the quiet by-streets. There he poured out the whole tale of his lost position, of his own fall from grace, and of Uncle Tobias's offer that had come too late.

"Of course," said Mabel, with a quivery little catch in her voice, "we've both broken our New Year's pledges, and so our engagement is off."

"Yes," said Jack, miserable, but upright at last. "That was the understanding, and of course we've got to stand by it. I hope I shall die young, for life won't be worth anything to me."

Mabel looked up in great alarm, then her woman's wit suddenly shone through her eyes.

"Our engagement is broken off, of course, dear," she said, "and so of course that's at an end. That engagement, I mean. But tell me, dear, don't people who break their engagements sometimes become engaged again—and to the same people—after a while?"

Jack gazed rapturously down into the eyes of this girl who had suddenly opened the closed gates of paradise to him. As no one was passing, he bent down and kissed her. When they started onward again, after some shy little talk, Jack drew out a cigar and lighted it, while Mabel's hand dived into a box of candy. And so they gave up trying to be good. MARTHA D. ELLISON.

Looks into New Books.

THE handsomest souvenir of Maude Adams, the popular American actress, that has thus far appeared, has just been published by R. H. Russell, of New York. It contains splendid photographs of scenes of "L'Aiglon," and the cover is by Ernest Haskell.

Modesty, simplicity, and rhythmic grace and beauty are among the leading characteristics of the little volume, "A Book of Verses," by Mr. Robert Loveman, which we have from the press of the J. B. Lippincott Company, of Philadelphia. The lullabies and other child poems, such as "The Ride," are full of sweet and tender sentiment.

Under the title of "Old Wine in New Bottles," Blanche Catherine Carr has compressed into a little volume a large amount of wit, wisdom, and sentiment concerning love, friendship, marital felicity, and the faults and foibles as well as the virtues of men and women. These are set forth in the form of epigrams, or "sayings," many of which are like barbed arrows for sharpness and stinging power. The book is published by the Neely Company, New York and Chicago.

To Amateur Photographers.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY was the first publication in the United States to offer prizes for the best work of amateur photographers. Many of our readers have asked us to open a similar contest, and we therefore offer a prize of five dollars for the best amateur photograph received by us in each weekly contest, the competition to be based on the originality of the subject and the perfection of the photograph. Preference will be given to unique and original work and for that which bears a special relation to news events of current interest. We invite all amateurs to enter this contest. Photographs may be mounted or unmounted, and will be returned if stamps are sent for this purpose with a request for the return. All photographs entered in the contest and not prize-winners will be subject to our use unless otherwise directed, and one dollar will be paid for each photograph that may be used. No copyrighted photographs will be received, nor such as have been published or offered elsewhere. Many photographs are received, and those accepted will be utilized as soon as possible. Contestants should be patient. No writing except the name and address of the sender, should appear on the back of the photograph, except when letter postage is paid, and in every instance care must be taken to use the proper amount of postage. Photographs must be entered by the amateur who took the picture. Silver paper with a glossy finish should be used when possible. Mat-surface paper is not the best for reproduction. Photographs entered are not always used. They are subject to return if they are ultimately found unavailable in making up the photographic contest. Preference is always given to pictures of recent current events of importance, for the news feature is one of the chief elements in selecting the prize-winners.

SPECIAL PRIZES.—We offer special prizes of ten dollars to each prize-winner, until further notice, for the most unique, original, and attractive pictures in the following classes: Negro Life, Automobile-driving, Indian Life, American Frontier Scenes, Gold-hunting in Alaska, Notable Catastrophes, Incidents of Travel, Smiling or Laughing Faces. Contestants should mention the class in which they desire to compete.

NEWS AND VIEWS.—News photographs of special public interest only, sent with brief explanatory notes, suitable for the department of "News and Views," will be paid for at the rate of two dollars for each one used, manuscript included.

N. B.—Communications should be specifically addressed to "Leslie's Weekly, 110 Fifth Avenue." When the address is not fully given, communications sometimes go to "Leslie's Magazine," or other publications having no connection with "Leslie's Weekly."

NEWS AND VIEWS.

Launch of the Monitor "Nevada."

ANOTHER substantial addition to the naval power of the United States was made at Bath, Me., on November 24th, when the new single-turret monitor *Nevada* was launched and duly christened. The latter ceremony was performed by Miss Annie C. Boutelle, the youngest daughter of Congressman Charles A. Boutelle. An element of novelty was introduced in this proceeding in the use by Miss Boutelle of a silver hatchet to sever the cable and start the vessel down the ways into the sea. The *Nevada* is designed expressly for harbor defense and is one of four similar vessels now under construction in American yards. Another of these, the *Wisconsin*, has already been launched. The dimensions of the *Nevada* are: Length, 252 feet; beam, 50 feet; draught, 12 feet 6 inches; displacement, 3,234 tons. Her contract speed is to be 11.5 knots.

A Real Republican Elephant.

A TRULY impressive and realistic touch was given to one of the Republican demonstrations in Chicago during the recent electoral campaign by the introduction of a "really truly" elephant, as the children would say, as a feature of a street procession. It was the Marquette Club which covered itself with more or less of political glory by making use of this living symbol of the G. O. P. It is not related whether the tough old pachyderm who was compelled to do party service in this style conducted himself in a manner befitting the glorious occasion, but as no casualties were reported as a result of the affair it is to be presumed that neither the huzzas of the devoted followers of Mr. McKinley nor the admiring comments of the attendant small boys moved him to any violent show of elephantine feeling.

A Small Mine and Its Owners.

ALL children are imitative beings, and small boys are perhaps more so than girls. Even the plays and games of young people take on the hue of their surroundings. The children of the country-side imitate their elders in driving horses and making stacks of hay and grain; the children of the sailor-folk by the sea find their chiefest delight in constructing miniature fleets and going on "make-believe" voyages to far-away lands. By the same law of association the boys who have their homes in a mining region naturally turn to the sinking of shafts and the erection of derricks of an imitative pattern for their regular amusement. This is the kind of "fun" in which the lad in our illustration is engaged. Near this very spot is the famous Isabella mine of the Cripple Creek district, and in the background is the Pike's Peak range of mountains, rich in many kinds of minerals. The "mine" shown in the foreground is the joint property of the eight-year-old boy who stands by and a "pard" of about the same age. These young miners have sunk a shaft here, ten feet deep with an eight-foot tunnel, their hoisting works consisting of a clothes-line and an old water-pail. The tunnel below has been properly timbered to keep the sides from caving in, and everything connected with the enterprise is of an up-to-date mining style.

Finding a Pot of Silver.

IT was a rare bit of fortune or, perhaps, a piece of sheer good luck which befell three lads of Medford, Mass., a few weeks ago. They were digging a foundation for a camping-place in an old marsh near the Craddock House, of Revolutionary fame, when they struck an old earthen pot out of which rolled between three and four hundred dollars in silver coin. The news of this little "Klondike" find spread around like wildfire, and in a few hours the old deserted marsh was alive with men, women, and children armed with picks, shovels, and any other old thing, digging for treasure. One enterprising man even went so far as to bring a horse and plow and start in on a large scale.

Our photograph shows part of the collection of people who came to find a quick fortune, only to be disappointed, as only a few scattered coins were found, which the boys probably dropped in their wild joy.

In the collection found by the youngsters were coins ranging in date from 1717 to 1838. Almost every nationality and period between those dates were represented. There were Spanish, Mexican, French, Italian, and South American pieces, and some from the Grecian archipelago. Some of the French coin told the tale of the French Revolution, bearing the motto "Union et Force."

Chinese Appeasing the Gods.

THE scene depicted in the accompanying photograph has a double significance. It shows what a strong hold superstitious feeling has in the nature of the average Chinaman, and it shows also how keenly the punishment and humiliation inflicted upon China by Japan a few years ago are held in remembrance by the more intelligent class of Celestials. In the scene represented, the Chinamen happen to be passing a spot off the Chinese coast where one of their men-of-war was sunk by the Japanese during the brief and bloody struggle mentioned, and they are improving the opportunity to throw some offerings to the gods who are supposed to rule beneath the waves where their unfortunate countrymen went down. Of course the harsh truth of the case was that

the gods had nothing to do with the disaster at all, but that it was due wholly to the miserable and inefficient equipment and gun-practice of the Chinese war-ship set against the skill and good management of its Japanese opponent.

Photographic Hints and Helps.

THE *Photographic Times* says that carbon tissue, after it has been sensitized, may be kept for some time if stored in an air-tight tube containing chloride of cal-

cium. It will, however, become brittle and must be placed in a damp place for twenty or thirty minutes.

In his "Gleanings from Germany," in a recent number of *Anthony's Photographic Bulletin*, Mr. Henry Dietrich gives some useful directions for the removal of spots from drawings. If a drawing has an objectionable acidic ink spot, he says, it may easily be removed with oxalic acid by employing a cotton tuft moistened with a solution of the acid and applying it slightly to the spot. If the picture or drawing does not stand moisture, a mixture of equal parts of alum, amber, sulphur, and nitre, each finely powdered, may be applied. The powder is strewn upon the spot and rubbed softly with a piece of cotton. After a little while it is removed with a brush and the ink spot will be found to have disappeared.



LAUNCH OF THE MONITOR "NEVADA," BATH, ME., NOVEMBER 24TH.
Photograph by Rupert M. Much, Bath, Me.



HUNTING FOR HIDDEN TREASURE.
Photograph by Howard P. Knox, Boston, Mass.



A GENUINE REPUBLICAN ELEPHANT.
Photograph by S. E. Wright, Chicago.



A "MINE" IN COLORADO.
Photograph by Gustav Krause, Victor, Colo.



CHINESE THROWING OFFERINGS TO THE GODS.
Photograph by C. H. Bacon, San Francisco.

LIFE IN OTHER LANDS.

British Reverses in South Africa.

EACH week now brings fresh evidence that the vitality, military strength, and fighting ability of the Boer forces still in the field are much greater than the world had been led to believe. Instead of being made up merely of a few guerrilla bands scattered about the country, with no resources worth speaking of and no capacity for resisting a large and well-ordered opposing force in regular fashion, events of recent date go to show that the Boers are still capable of rallying a highly respectable army, with generals in command who are as able as any who have appeared on the Boer side during the course of the war. Joubert and Cronje were brave and able leaders, and their removal by death and capture was a serious blow to the burghers, but de Wet, Louis Botha, and Delarey, who are now at the head of the Transvaalers, the British are finding men as worthy of their steel as any they have ever met on the field of battle. Instead of the war being over, as it was on paper months ago, England has the necessity before her, apparently, of hurrying large re-enforcements to South Africa and girding herself anew for a campaign of indefinite duration. All this and more is signified by the astounding and utterly unexpected reverse of the British at Magaliesberg, on December 13th, resulting in a loss to them of over six hundred killed, wounded, and captured. The action of General Delarey in surprising the British camp and making prisoners of several companies of the yeomanry and the Northumberland Fusiliers was as clever a piece of military strategy as this South African struggle has witnessed, and it cannot fail to give the Boers fresh heart and renewed hope. The Northumberlands are known as the "Fighting Fifth." The second battalion, to which the captured companies belong, was one of the heaviest sufferers at Stormberg, a year ago. The regiment has often been pronounced by home and foreign critics to be one of the finest in the British army. All the forebodings and criticisms which Colenso gave rise to a year ago have been resurrected by the disaster at the Magaliesberg. The British war office has nothing to do but "grin and bear it" and trust to time. It has 210,000 men still in the field in South Africa, while the Boers all told cannot number over 20,000.

Good News from Italy.

IF the usually accurate and well-informed Rome correspondent of the New York *Sun* is right in one of his latest dispatches, the Pope is about to open negotiations for the settlement of a difficulty which has been a prolific source of strife and bitterness in Italy for many years. The Pope is willing, it is said, to remove the ban of excommunication placed upon the Quirinal palace by Pope Pius IX., and renewed by Leo XIII., because the Quirinal was taken by force from the Holy See. The only condition named by his Holiness is that the Quirinal shall not henceforth be the living-place of any Italian prince. As it has not been, in fact, actually used as a place of royal residence for some years, nothing but a technical difficulty stands in the way of accepting this condition. This report may be the more readily believed since it has been evident all along that the present King of Italy is inclined to adopt a more friendly and conciliatory attitude toward the Vatican than any of his immediate predecessors. Should the Quirinal be restored to the Holy See by the Italian government, as thus proposed, it can hardly be pleaded any longer that the Pope is kept a "prisoner" in his own domain. Another cheerful piece of intelligence from the same quarter is to the effect that the Dowager Queen Margherita will make her permanent residence in Rome and devote her time and money chiefly to charity and the promotion of Italian art and education. As Queen Margherita received about \$2,000,000 from the will of King Humbert, and the State gives her an allowance of \$200,000 yearly, her capacity for doing good along the lines indicated will be of generous proportions. Such an expenditure may also help to break the force of the socialist propaganda now active in Italy, which has among its chief contentions the alleged indifference of the rich and powerful to the hardships and sufferings of the common people.

The Note to China.

PEACE negotiations with China have at last reached a definite and decisive stage. The Powers have agreed upon the conditions to which China must submit for the re-establishment of friendly and peaceful relations with the civilized world, and the note embodying these conditions has been placed in the hands of the Chinese Emperor. The most important demands made in this note are as follows:

That indemnities shall be paid to all individuals and corporations whose property was destroyed in the Boxer outbreak.

That the foreign troops shall hold the lines of communication from Taku to Peking.

That the officials who were connected with the Boxer movement shall be punished.

That the Tsung-li-Yamen (Foreign Office) shall be abolished.

That the foreign ministers shall have access to the Emperor at all times.

That the importation of arms shall be prohibited.

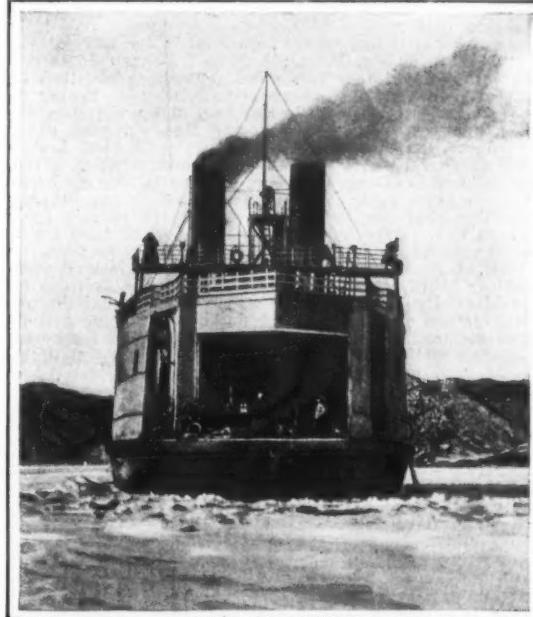
That the land and sea forts between Shantung and Peking and between Taku and Peking shall be destroyed.

It is believed that China will eventually accede to all these demands, as she interprets them. The points over which the greatest difficulty will arise will be the amount of indemnity to be paid and the terms of payment, and the precise form of punishment to be meted to the guilty

leaders of the Boxer movement. There is room in both of these matters for a wide difference of opinion, ranging all the way from the exaction of an enormous damage payment, which China may find it practically impossible to raise, and the death sentence on Prince Tuan and other high officials, to milder and more tolerant conditions which will satisfy the ends of justice without crippling the Chinese government and retarding the progress of the country for many years to come. It is undoubtedly the wish of the American people that the milder course shall be followed.

A Russian Ice-breaker.

MOST things in Russia are planned and constructed on a scale of truly royal dimensions. This characterization applies to Russian railways, armies, and schemes of territorial government and expansion. It also applies to the ice-breaking ferry-boat recently put into service on Lake Baikal, in Siberia. The great Trans-Siberian railway is broken at this point by thirty-nine miles of water transit across the lake. Transportation for trains is furnished by a fleet of the largest ferry-boats in the world, each capable of carrying three large trains at once, with passengers and freight. One of these boats, called the *Baikal*, is shown in our illustration. It has room for three trains. The trains enter the ice-breaker at the bow, which is run up against a pier. The rails are con-



THE MONSTER FERRY-BOAT AND ICE-CRUSHER ON LAKE BAIKAL, SIBERIA.

nected and the trains run into the vessel. With this load she will crush her way through three feet of ice at a speed of thirteen knots an hour. A screw at the bow with a separate engine sucks away the water from underneath the ice at the bow, which thus splits from its own weight; the two stubby-bladed propellers at the stern at the same time force the vessel through the broken ice sheet. The actual track of the *Baikal* measures thirty-nine miles. In view of the difficulties of navigation in our great lakes and in the harbors of New York and others of our northern cities during the winter season, the question rises why it would not be a good thing to have ice-crushers for these waters as serviceable as that on the *Baikal* ferry.

The American "Peril" in Europe.

WHILE much has been said and written during the past year or two about the threatened invasion of the Western industrial world by the cheap labor and cheaper products of the Occident, a "peril" more certain and immediate is that coming from the rapidly increasing sale of American products of all sorts in all parts of Europe. So large and formidable has the volume of American-made articles in the markets of the Old World become that the trade associations and manufacturing organizations of England, Germany, and France have become really alarmed and have been holding meetings lately to consider the situation and devise measures to head off American competition and hold their home trade.

The London *Times* recently printed some interesting correspondence illustrative of the existing situation. It consisted of letters which had passed between Sir Charles Edward Howard Vincent, Member of Parliament for Central Sheffield, and Lord Claud John Hamilton, chairman of the Great Eastern Railway, in which the latter explains that the company was compelled to place a large order for steel rails and fish-plates with a prominent American iron manufacturer because the contracts with English companies were hopelessly in arrears. He says also that the American's price was lower than that quoted by the English concerns.

The Americans are also going ahead in all sorts of dainty manufactures. A London trade journal just at hand tells of a present bought at a silversmith's in San Francisco. It consists of a set of six silver cups, which fit into each other with such absolute mathematical precision that one cup is scarcely a size smaller than the

other. They are quite plain, but solidly made, and the whole six are stowed away in a small case, which would take up very little room in a traveling-bag. American silver is, indeed, making headway. Some of the best shops in London deal in it, but, needless to say, the home of its manufacture is not mentioned.

The London *Express* recently printed an interview with the chairman of one of the best-known British locomotive manufacturers with a view to glean how it was so many British railway companies had to send their orders for new engines to America. This chairman naturally made out the best case he could from a British point of view, but his admissions and concessions were significant.

"American engines," said he, "do not come up to the home-made article so far as quality is concerned, but they are delivered with far greater dispatch. That is the secret of the matter."

"American locomotives burn more fuel, their valve-motions are not nearly so well finished, and the fittings are more hurriedly put together. But they are far cheaper—even when cost of transport is taken into account."

"How do the prices compare, then?"

"Passenger express engines made in this country cost from £2,500 to £3,500, though more powerful machines, made by special builders, may cost another thousand or so. Now American contractors not only turn out their engines in less time, but at a price less by £500."

"I can say with experience," was the concluding remark of the expert, "that at present recourse to America is inevitable. Orders rush in upon us both from home and from abroad; the war has robbed us of many of our best hands, and coal is very dear. We are unable to meet the demand. America can, and does."

Foreign Facts of Present Interest.

IT is said that the late Sir Arthur Sullivan received the inspiration for his most popular song as he watched by the dying-bed of a friend. It was under such circumstances that he composed "The Lost Chord," from which he is said to have received in royalties over ten thousand pounds.

Some years ago President Kruger built a church opposite his house in Pretoria. So that nothing should be lacking to its embellishment he had the hands of the clock cast in pure gold. The clock, according to a letter in the *Daily News*, when the British entered Pretoria, had no hands.

France is grieved and perplexed over the fact that her population is steadily declining in numbers, while England, her rival across the channel, grows as steadily the other way. The French population statistics for 1899, which have just been tabulated, show that the number of births during the year was 847,627, being 10,000 less than the average for the last ten years. M. Bertillon, the well-known statistician, in an article on these figures says France is in the same position as a man dying under the influence of chloroform. It is a painless death, but it is death all the same. Germany now has fifty-five million inhabitants, while France has only thirty-eight millions.

Denmark does not figure very largely, in modern times, as a colonizing Power, and yet it is a fact frankly conceded by the English that the Danes, with smaller resources of money and mining experience, have distanced them in certain parts of the Orient. In Bangkok, where there is a large Danish colony, they succeeded when others failed in establishing a station for the purpose of supplying the capital of Siam with electric light, and the shareholders in the venture received four per cent. interest for the half-year ending June 30th, 1900. New machines have been ordered from Copenhagen, and next year the company proposes to start an electric tram-car service in Bangkok.

True to his ancient and well-known traits and methods, the sea-serpent has gone down to the latitude of Australia, where summer vacations are now in order, and is there engaged in his usual sensation business. Captain Thompson, of the steamer *Nemesis*, writes the London *Express* correspondent at Perth, western Australia, has reported to the harbor authorities that while on the way to Fremantle he saw "a kind of huge fish" at a point between Vessey and Cape Naturalist. The monster was about two hundred feet long, and its fins measured thirty feet. It moved along the surface of the sea as a snake moves along the land, and traveled at a rapid rate.

Apropos of the attempt recently made upon the life of the Empress of Japan, on a street in Tokio, the wonder is expressed that a woman of such gentleness, intelligence and progressive ideas could arouse the enmity of any one but a madman. It would, indeed, be the irony of fate if the reforming régime in Japan were stained by any foul attack on the dynasty which has led the way out of barbaric darkness into civilized light. The Empress Haruko, in her own home and at court, has used her influence for the development of Japan on Western lines not less zealously than her husband. It is due chiefly to her example that the fashion of stained teeth and shaven eyebrows has died out. The women's hospital at Tokio, conducted on principles that would find favor in America, owes its foundation and success largely to her patronage,

HINTS TO MONEY-MAKERS.

[NOTICE.—This department is intended for the information of the regular readers of LESLIE'S WEEKLY. No charge is made for answering questions, and all communications are treated confidentially. Correspondents should always inclose a stamp, as sometimes a personal reply is necessary. Inquiries should refer only to matters directly connected with Wall Street interests.]

NEW YORK, December 26th.—The course of the market has certainly upset all calculations. One of the ablest, oldest, and wealthiest stock-exchange operators and railroad promoters said to me yesterday: "I know of stocks selling above par and that are paying dividends that have not been earned and will not be earned in the near future. These stocks are not worth half their selling prices, but I dare not sell them short because the fever to buy is on and while it lasts a man had better stand aside, keep out of the market, and wait for the inevitable smash." Such a market usually closes with a sudden demand for money. One or two great banks in New York City could make the rate for money much higher than it is by calling in their loans on every hand without warning. The effect would be to order a halt in the speculative fever, and then those who were loaded with stocks at high prices would be as eager to sell as they were a year ago and as they will be in less than a year from now.

"T. L." New York: No.

"H." East Branch, N. Y.: Very little.

"D." Canal Winchester, O.: Unfavorable.

"B." Danbury, Conn.: Answered elsewhere in this column.

"A Subscriber," Sioux City, Ia.: Inquiry answered elsewhere in this column.

"D." Wilkinsburg, Penn.: I would not put any money into the enterprise.

"H." Baltimore, Md.: I do not believe in betting and I therefore do not care to decide bets.

"Ashland," Chicago, Ill.: No. Would get what I could, get out, and keep out of them.

"T." Worcester, Mass.: I think better of the preferred, but of course it is not classed as a permanent investment. Danger of competition always exists in the industrial field.

"Subscriber," Sioux Falls, S. D.: I do not see how Erie common, considering the enormous capitalization of the road, can ever be a dividend-payer. On its recent sharp advance many holders unloaded heavily.

"Anxious," New York: Very little information can be obtained about the Copper company. I think you will be wise to get out of it whatever you can, and quit. I do not believe it has a future worth talking about.

"C." Hartford, Conn.: This is a dangerous market to sell short. I would not advise the sale of any of the dividend-payers at present, especially of the well-established ones, that have a market abroad as well as at home.

"W. J. R." Chicago, Ill.: Think you can get Texas Pacific at a lower figure if you will wait. (2) There are possibilities in Southern Railroad common and in Missouri, Kansas and Texas common and preferred, especially the last mentioned.

"B. E. M." Portland, Ore.: Hardly any one thinks that Northern Pacific in dull times will sell around par. (2) An earnest effort is being made to advance Brooklyn Rapid Transit on reports of combinations and consolidations. It never has paid a dividend.

"Rex," Spokane, Wash.: I have not changed my opinion. Prices are certainly too high for the stocks you mention. On reactions, purchases will net a profit. (2) I can obtain no information about the bonds. Address the Secretary of State, at Jackson, Miss.

"C. H." Peterboro, Ont.: I would have nothing to do with the party or with any other who wants to share your profits and not your losses. Ask any mercantile agency to give you the financial standing of the gentleman and you will probably ascertain that he has none.

"McK." Albany, N. Y.: Every conservative financier who will express himself believes that the market is unwarrantably high, yet many say that the public has taken the bit in its teeth and nobody knows what may be the outcome. Collapse in the end is of course inevitable.

"Novice," Toronto, Canada: The only talk heard on the Street is regard to possible one-per-cent. increase in the dividend. The new coal deals apparently have not helped this road as much as it has helped others, but all will profit by an anthracite combination. I would take a good profit at any time.

"K." Chicago: Chicago and Alton common has had a decided rise. Whether it will reach the figure you name depends upon whether the bull movement continues. I do not regard it as worth intrinsically that price. (2) I know of no such authority. Observation and general reading are the best instructors.

"D." Wheeling, W. Va.: In a rampant market no short sale is safe. Ultimately I think Tin common will sell lower. Meanwhile, if the furor for the purchase of stocks continues, "even up" by dipping in a little on the bull side in the safest directions, but don't stay long, and be exceedingly careful and quick.

"M." Sioux City, Ia.: Missouri Pacific, for a long pull, still has merit if bought at favorable opportunities. (2) Sorry you did not act promptly on suggestion made you by letter. In a treacherous market like this, when every one seems to be at sea, information must be acted upon quickly. (3) Reports not favorable.

"Investor," Chicago, Ill.: With a continuance of the bull movement, excellent chances on that side in the industrial field I believe would be found in American Ice common and preferred; among the traction stocks, in Manhattan Elevated; and among the railroads, in Missouri Pacific, Southern Pacific, and Union Pacific preferred.

"B." San Francisco, Cal.: Glad you made a profitable turn on St. Louis and San Francisco second preferred. I think on declines it is a purchase for a long pull. (2) I believe in all the Southwestern railroads, but if you get a generous profit during the present bull movement I would take it and wait to cover when the inevitable reaction comes.

"R." Mankato, Minn.: Northern Pacific has been manipulated for a rise. (2) Unless it were cornered, and that is hardly possible, it could not be forced to such a fictitious value as was given a year ago to the stock you mention. (3) Yes. (4) Everything depends upon how the market acts. If you can maintain your position I believe ultimately you will not lose much, if anything.

"C." Parkersburg, W. Va.: The rise in General Electric is accounted for by the enormous business the concern is doing. Its orders on hand, I am told, are phenomenally large. It is well to note that the boom in the electrical companies in Germany, based on their enormous business of the past few years, has subsided. But this is a great and growing country.

"J." Cohoes, N. Y.: Interesting questions regarding the payment of dividends on sundry industrial properties, including some of the steel and iron concerns, will add interest soon to the stock market. Precisely what will be done in this direction may not yet be determined, or, if it has been determined, has not yet been revealed. The possibilities arising out of such a situation should be remembered both by bulls and bears.

"P." Malden, Mass.: I do not advise the purchase of anything while the market is at phenomenally high figures and in the midst of a boom except first-class investment bonds and securities, and at prevailing prices these will not return more than from three and one-half to four per cent., which is not much more than the rate of interest obtainable in any good savings-bank. It would be wiser to keep your money in readiness for investment when the market strongly reacts, as it ultimately must.

"J. A. C." New York: St. Louis Southwestern common sold a year ago as low as 10%. All the issues of this stock have been rapidly advancing on the prospect of combinations which, it is said, will be favorable to their future earnings. The common stock of late has reached its highest quotation. On a slip it will suffer with the rest of the market and ultimately no doubt will sell as low as the price you paid for it. Meanwhile, however, many things may happen. Your margin ought to give you ample protection.

"T." New York: Standard Oil stock has had a startling advance, but one of its leading owners recently said that it ought to sell for a thousand dollars a share and was worth it. If the stock is increased I have no doubt that purchases at present prices will yield ultimately profit. I would not be inclined to sell if I held any, for, except in a case of acute panic, it will not decline very much. The increase in its value arises from the fact that it is a very profitable concern, and it is believed to be the strongest industrial in the world.

"M." Pittsburg, Penn.: I do not identify the stock the initials of which you give. (2) A quick drop of several points. (3) You simply advise your broker to sell the stocks that you do not own and which you expect to buy if they go lower, and then fill your sales.

Of course you must have an account with your broker and a margin sufficient to cover eventualities. (3) There is wide divergence of opinion as to the condition of the market after New Year's. Matters are in such condition that predictions are subject to change from day to day. Experienced financiers do not look for a continuous bull movement and regard prices as high.

"C. L." Poughkeepsie, N. Y.: Mysterious reports still are heard regarding Tennessee Coal and Iron. One confidentially given out is that it is to engage in the manufacture of armor-plate for the government and to have connection with profitable government contracts. I cannot verify these rumors, and can only say that the stock is too erratic to recommend, though I believe it has greater merit than Federal Steel common and some other common stocks of the industrial kind which approximate it in value. (2) Tennessee Coal and Iron has a capital of \$23,000,000, of which \$1,000,000 was cumulative preferred. This was paid off, canceled, and common stock issued in its place last March. Dividends of two per cent. each on the common were paid in April, July, and October. (3) National Salt preferred and American Ice preferred have merit.

"P." Rochester, N. Y.: The National Salt Company appears to be well regarded, excepting for the fact that it is an industrial. There have been reports that the Standard Oil people are interested in it, but I cannot justify this. It appears to have a capable directorate and to control very nearly all the leading salt concerns in the country and also the Spanish-American Salt Company of Spain and Italy. It is a snug corporation, with \$5,000,000 seven-per-cent non-cumulative preferred stock and \$7,000,000 common stock. It does not seem to fear competition because of its general mastery of the situation. The only suspicious circumstance is that the common stock sells so low, but this is perhaps because the dividend recently due was postponed for a short time. The stock has been stronger since. I am inclined to regard it as a pretty good industrial. The common pays six per cent. (2) This column is for the free information of our readers.

"B." Catskill, N. Y.: National Salt has only \$5,000,000 seven-per-cent preferred and \$7,000,000 of common stock, and very nearly controls the salt trade of the country. Its management has been good and I have therefore believed that the preferred stock offered fair inducements for industrial investment. Union Bag and Paper has \$11,000,000 preferred and \$16,000,000 common stock, but it does not control the business entirely. It makes a great deal of money and ought to be able to do so even against the moderate competition which it must meet. American Ice preferred is safer than Union Bag preferred. Full information in reference to industrials can be found in a very reliable and valuable book just issued and known as "Moody's Manual of Industrial and Miscellaneous Securities," published by the O. C. Lewis Company, 6 Wall Street, New York. I think an investment on your part on any slump, if made in Missouri Pacific, would be profitable. I also regard Manhattan Elevated with great favor. Why not divide your purchases and take a small lot of each of these?

"B." Kingston, N. Y.: A permanent investment for a lady dependent upon her means, and with only sufficient income for her support, ought to be made only in gilt-edged first-class bonds, guaranteed stocks, or preferred stocks of unquestioned value. Among the first are Chicago and Eastern Illinois first mortgage 5s, the Chicago and Alton 3½s, Baltimore and Ohio Southwestern Division 3½s, Metropolitan Street Railway general collateral trust 5s, all netting over four per cent. Among the second, Morris and Essex stock, Illinois Central leased line stock, New York Lackawanna and Western Railroad stock, all netting about 3½ per cent. Among the third are St. Paul preferred, Northwest preferred, and Lake Shore.

(2) The Western Union 4½ per cent. bonds are a fair security, but not as permanent as New York Central and Lake Shore 3½ per cents., Adams Express 4s, or New York city bonds. Any of the three last mentioned is a very safe security. (3) You could not go amiss if you invested half in bonds such as described, one-quarter in United States bonds, and a fourth in savings banks.

"H." Philadelphia, Penn.: Does not stand well. (2) Excellent credit and standing. (3) There is a decided difference of opinion among the leading financiers on Wall Street regarding the future of the market. Some very able men expect an advance on the enormous disbursements at the opening of the new year. Others agree with you that the situation does not warrant a sustained rise, but rather an eventual decline. My own experience leads me to hold to this view, but the flight of the market took immediately after election shows that forecasts are not always to be depended upon. (4) The best sales will be those stocks which pay no dividends or very small

dividends, and which have been the most highly exploited during the recent boom. Investment shares have been taken from the street in large measure, and operations in them on the short side are therefore peculiarly hazardous. (5) There is danger in shorting the market for a sharp turn unless you are on the ground and can follow the situation very carefully. For one who does not operate from day to day, I might say from hour to hour, the better plan is to buy or sell for a long pull.

JASPER.

Life-insurance Suggestions.

[NOTICE.—This department is intended for the information of readers of LESLIE'S WEEKLY. No charge is made for answers to inquiries regarding life-insurance matters, and communications are treated confidentially. A stamp should always be inclosed, as a personal reply is sometimes deemed advisable.]

ONE more illustration of the absolute instability of even the great and apparently successful fraternal and assessment associations is found in the sudden failure of the Order of Chosen Friends, which last year distributed among its members nearly three-fourths of a million of dollars, which had been in existence since 1879, and which had a membership of over 20,000 persons. Its failure is said to be due to the loss of \$34,000 by the defalcation of one of its officials and of \$60,000 by the recent Galveston disaster. Though these losses may have been the immediate causes of the collapse, the fact is confessed by one of the officers of the association that the order was in bad shape and that it has been necessary to increase its assessments to meet the largely increasing ratio of deaths from year to year. It was hoped to sustain the life of the institution by attracting a large number of new members. As I have pointed out before, this is the only hope of the assessment institutions. They must constantly recruit new members or they must face a deficit, a loss, and bankruptcy. With the old-line companies it is different. Their very reserve and surplus, against which the assessment associations constantly rail as an unnecessary burden for the policy-holders, prove to be the safety of the latter, for a policy-holder in an old-line company finds his policy constantly increasing in actual value from year to year, while the member of an assessment association finds his burden constantly increasing. It is for this reason that I would rather have a policy of \$1,000 in an old-line company than one of \$5,000 in an assessment association, even if both were offered me at the same figures.

"M." Woonsocket, R. I.: Your inquiries do not refer to life-insurance matters.

"H. G. A." Pittsburg, Penn.: It is not an insuring company. Consult a mercantile agency.

"B." St. Louis, Mo.: The company you refer to is in good standing, though I would prefer a policy in one of the great New York companies, like the Mutual Life, the Equitable, or the New York Life.

"G. B. J." Chicago: It would be safer for you to frankly state the facts to the company before taking out the policy. I do not think the policy would be vitiated, but the company might take advantage of the technicality. Tell the whole truth.

"W." Memphis, Tenn.: Your policy in the Provident Savings I regard as first-class in all respects. I should have no hesitation in renewing it if you can secure reinstatement. Between the two companies you name, I should prefer the Provident.

"L." Detroit, Mich.: The rate is liable to be increased more or less, according to the interest rate in the interval. The increases in the past have not been very heavy, but the mere fact that the company does not expressly stipulate what the rate is to be shows that it expects that it may be considerably larger. In a good company, the policy is an excellent one of its kind.

"S." New York: The American Temperance Life commenced business in 1889 and last year reported an income of about \$138,000. It paid to its members \$89,000 and the expenses of its management were over \$50,000. Its total admitted assets were a little over \$29,000, and losses and claims unpaid at the close of last year were over \$28,000. You can draw your own conclusions from a business standpoint.

"K." Port Huron, Mich.: The company you mention is not one of the largest, but it is sound. (2) Any of the strongest old-line companies, like the Mutual Life, the New York Life, the Equitable, will give you a first-class endowment policy. The kind you want depends upon what you are able to pay and on your purpose, whether life insurance, or investment, or both. (3) If you can obtain insurance in a sound, old-line company, I would drop out of the concern you mention.

"J." Galesburg, Ill.: You will certainly not make a mistake if you drop your assessment insurance, excepting that which is guaranteed by the railroad company. (2) I know of no company of the first rank that does not charge for the extra hazard of your employment. I think the policy in the old-line company you mention, even at the price which you will be compelled to pay, will, in the end, give you the greatest satisfaction. You will make no mistake if you take a policy in either of the strong, old-line companies, such as the Equitable, the Mutual Life, the New York Life, the Provident Savings, the Northwestern, or any company of that class.

"L." St. Louis, Mo.: Obviously you are not familiar with the life-insurance business or you would not accept the conclusion that some of the smaller companies are able to obtain on a safe basis a much larger rate of interest on investments than the great old-line companies, like the Mutual Life, the New York Life, and the Equitable. The latter are in better position to invest their surplus funds profitably than any of the smaller companies. I mean, of course, safe investment. Some of the smaller companies that have been investing in Western farm mortgages, to their very serious detriment, are now being hauled over the coals for their losses. (2) A policy in one of the strongest of the old-line companies will be worth more at the end of twenty years than a policy in a company which seeks a profit at the sacrifice of security. (3) The three companies you name all stand on about a level. (4) I would not drop my policy in the Equitable. (5) Yes.

The Hermit.

THE WORLD OF AMUSEMENT.

THE holidays mark the climax of the amusement season in New York. Lent will soon be at hand, and that penitential season is always respected by a large number of theatre-goers. Some of the best plays of the season are among the latest. At the Empire, the very excellent company which has just inaugurated its twelfth New York season presents a new leading man in Charles J. Richman, who succeeds Mr. William Faversham. The latter's severe illness took him temporarily from the stage some time ago. He is booked to star next season.



CHARLES J. RICHMAN, THE EMPIRE'S NEW LEADING MAN.

Mr. Richman has made a decided success as *Count Bertrandine* in "A Royal Family," at the Lyceum, with Miss Annie Russell. He is a popular young actor and will be remembered as the leading actor of Daly's for several seasons. Mr. Richman was leading man in "Miss Hobbs," at the Lyceum, last season, and has been grow-



JESSIE MILLWARD.

MARGARET ANGLIN.

ing in public favor steadily of late. He is a fit successor of Mr. Faversham. Miss Jessie Millward and Miss Margaret Anglin, with Mr. Richman, sustain the three most important rôles in "Mrs. Dane's Defense," at the Empire. Miss Millward is one of the most capable young women on the American stage, and has achieved high rank in a profession which she certainly adorns. She is versatile, quick, and responsive, and has won success by intelligent and hard work. Miss Anglin, whose first distinct triumph was in the part of *Roxane*, as Mansfield's leading lady, is a studious, painstaking actress. Her capacity for the best work revealed itself emphatically last season and her future is full of promise.

The Old Guard will dance and drill, fresh as ever, after seventy-three years of service, at their annual ball, Thursday,

January 24th, at the Metropolitan Opera House. Major S. Ellis Briggs, the commander, is busy with an energetic staff preparing for the event. The Old Guard presents the traditions of the city and stands for the defense of property. In the ranks of this famous battalion are found many of the well-known generals who fought in the late war, prominent merchants, and prosperous bankers. The Old Guard ball reunites every year many leading merchants, men of letters, magistrates, artists, generals, beautiful women, and representatives of the army and navy. The ball this year is to be more brilliant



MAJOR BRIGGS, OF THE OLD GUARD.

artists, generals, beautiful women, and representatives of the army and navy. The ball this year is to be more brilliant

than ever, and the music will be by the two celebrated Old Guard bands, consisting of 200 pieces. The decorations of the opera-house are to be beautiful and unique, and the drill magnificent. No tickets will be sold, as it is exclusively an invitation affair.

The return of Mr. E. S. Willard in "David Garrick" for a brief engagement at the Garden Theatre gave the numerous admirers of this sterling actor a chance to manifest their appreciation, and they did so with a cor-



MAUDE HOFFMAN.

MR. WILLARD.

diality and heartiness that must have been very pleasant to him. Mr. Willard's portrayal of the character of *David Garrick* is in many respects original and in all exceedingly clever. He has as his chief support Miss Maude Hoffman, a young lady of charming presence and marked ability.

R. G. Knowles, who is appearing at Keith's for a brief engagement after an absence of ten years from this country, has become famous as the greatest monologue comedian in England, but he is an American by birth and by his earlier experiences in the theatre. He was the leading comedian of Haverly's minstrels in the palmy



R. G. KNOWLES.

MRS. R. G. KNOWLES.

days of that extraordinary development of old-time negro minstrelsy, but his most prominent association with the "legitimate" stage in this city seems to have been his performance of the wrestler *Charles* in the late Augustin Daly's famous production of "As You Like It," when Ada Rehan first essayed *Rosalind* and John Drew was *Orlando*. Mr. and Mrs. Knowles's entertainment is called "Trifles That Trouble a Traveler."

New York theatre-goers are looking forward with interest to Amelia Bingham's appearance early in January at the Bijou in Clyde Fitch's new play, "The



MISS MARIE DRESSLER IN "MISS PRINNY," HER NEW MUSICAL COMEDY, AT THE VICTORIA.

Climbers," which is a distinct departure from his recent style. He has again returned to his happy sphere of depicting the ambitions of modern society. The company engaged to support Miss Bingham includes among others Robert Edeson, Frank Worthing, Ferdinand Gottschalk, John Flood, George C. Boniface, Alfred Fisher, Charles Nevins, James Bennett Sturgis, Henry Stokes, Henry Warwick, Annie Irish, Clara Bloodgood, Madge Carr Cooke, Minnie Dupree, Ysobel Haskins, Maud Monroe, Florence Lloyd, and Lillian Aldrich.



DE ANGELIS IN "A ROYAL ROGUE," AT THE BROADWAY.

Much interest attended the first presentation in this city, at Hammerstein's new Théâtre Republic, on December 31st, of Lorimer Stoddard's dramatization of the novel, "In the Palace of the King," in which Miss Viola Allen takes the leading character. Marion Crawford's novel has not been closely followed in the dramatization, but the deviations from the original story are said to add greatly to the dramatic effect of Mr. Stoddard's work. "In the Palace of the King" has been remarkably successful in the cities in which it has thus far been produced, but it will receive its most intelligent and decisive criticism in New York City. The part of *Inez*, the blind girl, is taken skillfully by Miss Gertrude Norman.



MISS GERTRUDE NORMAN AS "INEZ."

ic平 in New York City. The part of *Inez*, the blind girl, is taken skillfully by Miss Gertrude Norman.



E. M. SCOGNAMILLO.

In the recent introduction, at the Waldorf-Astoria, of Cavalier Enrico Mario Scognamillo, cellist, New York made the acquaintance of a famous musician who is certain to add greatly to the winter delights of the musical and artistic set. His performance on one of the most superb instruments showed a style and quality seldom found even in an artist from Italy. His three numbers were artistic triumphs. Cavalier Scognamillo is a gentleman of versatile talents, a member of a famous musical family, a first-prize graduate from the famous conservatory of Naples, and holds the bachelor of arts degree from the Rome University. He possesses a most scholarly knowledge of music, and is well known, both abroad and here, as the author of several books dealing exhaustively with the history of music and fine arts. His title of Chevalier of the Crown of Italy was conferred for ability in music and literature. He was for some years a professor at the conservatory of music at Buenos Ayres and, while in South America, traveled with the famous violinist, Maurice Dengremont. The chevalier is master of many languages.

JASON.

THE SUNNY SIDE OF LIFE.

A New Year's Event.

I HATE on top of yearth, Nell,
Tew hev tew say good-bye;
Ef people wasn't lookin'
A tear would jew my eye.
My hand is jest a-trem'lin',
All-overs chill my spine.
I couldn't feel no worser
At leavin' life behin'.

I'm steddyin' on the days, Nell,
When yew an' me hev walked
In hill an' wood an' medder,
A-holdin' hands, an' talked
Of love an' folks that died, Nell,
Account of cruel kin
Thet wouldn't leave 'em marry,
But perkered 'em like sin.

An' now I'm goin' off, Nell,
A-clerkin' in a store
Good fohty mile away, Nell,
An' some allows it's more.
But nuther town-girls' smilin'
Ner wealf ner pleasure gay
Kin make me disremember
This mo'ful partin' day.

Oh, promise me yew'll think, Nell,
How bad I felt when I,
A-graspin' of your hand, Nell,
Made out to say good-bye.
The road is long an' rocky
From here to Tompkins's store;
I don't know if I'll ever
Git back here any more.

Fer toll is high an' hosses
Don't stan' the wear an' tear
Of mount'in roads, an' likely
I won't hev time tew spare
Fer chasin' back an' furrcds
Tew visit friends. Yew see,
It's cheaper makin' new ones
Wharever yew may be.

Now don't yew git tew cryin'
An' hevin' me feel bad.
Girls always is so selfish
They git a feller mad.
Quit grabbin' at my sleeve so;
This stuff is bound tew muss.
Far'well! When yew're in town, Nell,
Be sure yew trade with us.

EVA WILDER McGLOSSON.



A PAIR OF OLD SLIPPERS.

After Rain, a Clear Sky—Perhaps.

"BUT I don't understand," I said, helplessly.
"I didn't think you would," she answered, plaintively, and rested her pretty chin in the palm of her hand. I have warned her about that attitude numbers of times, but she will persist in assuming it, and then, of course, I—well, the inevitable happens, and she becomes angry. Very foolishly it seems to me. No one could help it—it shows the curl of her lips altogether too temptingly! On this occasion, rather luckily, I restrained myself.

"Well," said I, "you wrote me—"
"Yea," she said, impulsively, "I wanted to tell you—"

"Er—um?" I queried, rather unintelligibly.

"Why—oh, well, I don't know that I do, after all," she said, inconsequently.

"Now, see here, Dorothy," said I, "that note of yours worried me very much. I was afraid—"

"So was I," she said, quickly, and bit her rosy lip.

"If you mean—?" I asked, hastily.

"No, no," she said, thoughtfully, "not that. But, really, I have been thinking—"

"I feared so," I said, carelessly.

"Pardon me?" she inquired, tilting her impudent chin a bit to one side,

"Oh, I said—nothing!"
"So I thought," she answered, "but then I'm usually mistaken with you. Yes, Jack—Mr. Derrent, I mean—I am afraid we have made a mistake. You see—"

"But I don't!" I protested, stoutly.

"Then you should!" she retorted. "Our natures would never be happy together, and—"

"If you're referring to the other night—?" said I.

"But I'm not!" she replied, crushingly. "No—women have different ideals from men, you know, and I suppose it's foolish for us to expect—"

"Perfection?" I asked. "Very!"

"No—o," she said, mournfully. "But I do think that when a man is engaged to a girl—"

"I thought all the time you meant that," said I, eagerly. "I can explain it in a second. It was—"

"Why will you willfully misunderstand me?" she asked. "If you suppose I care what you do, or where you go, or—or—anything!" and her babyish lips quivered, and I imagined her eyes moistened a trifle.

"I'm a brute, Dorothy," said I, "I know it. I don't deserve to have an innocent, confiding—"

She smiled a wee bit at this, then—"Let me explain—er—Jack!" I moved a trifle nearer to her so that I shouldn't lose any of her explanation, and examined, curiously, a quaint ring on one of her fingers. She daintily withdrew her hand—after a moment! Then added—

"I wasn't talking about—well, you know what—at all. But I do think—somewhat less confidently—" that we should never agree—"

"Never agree!" I repeated. "Why, we never do anything else!" Dorothy smiled, wickedly. "Except that once," I admitted, "and that—"

"No," she said, firmly. "I am right."

I drew away a few inches. "I can't contradict you, you know," I murmured. Her face softened for an instant, then she straightened up and attempted to look majestic. She's a tiny girl, only a fraction over five feet, you know, so I regret to say I was a trifle amused, but I sobered at once as she shot a deeply scornful glance at me. I waited a moment, then said, in a commanding voice, "Now, Dorothy, listen to me—"

"Yes," she said, obediently, and settled herself more comfortably. I really couldn't stand it any longer—she had her chin on her hand, and she knows how nervous I am, too—so I think—well, in fact I am quite sure—I kissed her! At this she burst into tears, and I felt like—er—to put it mildly, a dunce! Rather strange feeling, that!

"Dorothy, dear Dorothy!" I said, and lightly stroked her hair.

"Then you truly didn't, after all?" she sobbed, irrelevantly.

"Of course not," I responded, reassuringly. "It was—"

"Never mind who," she replied. "It was so dark in the conservatory—"

"Oh, I understand perfectly. Beside, he's engaged to her!" I announced, triumphantly.

"Are you sure?" she asked, beginning to take a proper interest in life again.

"Positive!" I answered. "It's all right now, isn't it, Dorothy?"

"Yes," she said, softly. So I kissed her a few more times to show that I quite believed her. It's mighty lucky she didn't ask me why I was so sure it was Heatherly in the conservatory with Miss Langdon. Charming girl, that Miss Langdon! Never had such a good—but there! Anyway, Dorothy and I were idiotically happy until I rose to go. 'But—now that I think of it—by Jove!' If that was Dorothy over in that other corner with Heatherly—! Why, I have more reason to quarrel with Dorothy than she with me! I'd better go to the club and think it over. She's an awfully clever girl, Dorothy!

RALPH ALTON.

From Pie to Pi.

"My dear," said Professor Cophagus at the table one day, "your pie is excellent. Give me another piece."

"I am afraid, dear," said Mrs. Cophagus, timidly, "that we are eating too much pie. I think it would be a good thing if we were to make custards and stewed fruit take the place of it."

"I am aware," returned the professor, lapsing into an attitude adopted on the lecture platform, "I am aware that there is a popular prejudice against the American article of diet called pie. This might be overcome by calling it a tart. Let us investigate and see if it has any rational basis. Pie is but the fraction of a degree removed from short-cake, which is generally accepted as a good, wholesome New England dish, being composed of a crust of flour and butter with fresh berries between, and a little sugar to modify the acidity of the fruit. If there is any doubt about short-cake, however, it may be said that the foundation of short-cake is identical with what we call biscuit (from the Latin, meaning twice cooked, or baked), biscuit differing from bread only in the fact of being raised with baking-powder instead of the yeast ferment. And bread is the staff of life. Please pass me another piece of pie."

But in spite of the professor's lengthy reasoning, his condition next morning might be briefly described as pi.

The Taverns of Old Times.

IN her latest book on the life and manners of New England in colonial days, Alice Morse Earle has some entertaining stories to tell of the old-time inns and innkeepers. The latter's trade was not so restricted in those days as it is now, and yet some efforts were made to prevent drunkenness. No tippling was allowed after nine

o'clock at night. According to the regulations in the license of one Seabury, of Duxbury, selling was to be only to "such sober-minded neighbours as hee shall thinke meet; soe as hee sell not lesse than the quantitie of a gallon att a tyme to one person, and not in small quantities by retale to the occationing of drunkennesse." Both the "victualler" and "the party that takes it" were at one time to be fined in Massachusetts for the use of tobacco in taverns, or anywhere "publicquely." This latter ordinance had a long lease of life, and Mr. Drake, writing in 1880, knew men then living who had been tried in Boston for smoking in the streets.

It is strange in these days to read that there was a time when the tavern was required to be "neare the meeting-house," instead of distant from it, as present laws provide. The reason for it was an eminently practical one:

"In winter gladly and eagerly did all troop from the meeting-house to the cheerful tavern to thaw out before the afternoon service, and to warm up before the ride or walk home in the late afternoon. It was a scandal in many a town that godly church members partook too freely of tavern cheer at the nooning... In midsummer the tap-room of the tavern and the green trees in its door-yard offered a pleasant shade to tired church-goers."

Among the awful abominations served up in those days were "flip," "toddy," "mimbo," "black strap," "scotchem," and the delectable brew known as "whip-belly vengeance." Mimbo was a combination of rum and loaf-sugar. Black strap was rum and molasses, and was always kept on free tap in the groceries, with a salt codfish hanging near the keg for the drinkers to whet their thirst upon. Scotchem was made of apple-jack, boiling water, and a liberal dash of mustard, and "whip-belly vengeance," a horror which goes back to England for its origin, was sour domestic beer simmered in a kettle, sweetened with molasses, sprinkled with bread-crumbs, and drunk piping hot. "Flip" was a compound of eggs, ale, rum, ginger, nutmeg, and lemon-peel, the whole heated by plunging into the mess a red-hot iron called a "logger-head."



POLAR BEAR—"Well, say; you needn't be so stuck up, simply because you've got a seal skin coat."

From Kitty's Diary.

OUR pump froze up. We had to get water from the barn. Bridget didn't turn it off tight enough, and that froze up too. Pa said, "Just like a woman!" Then he was cross to ma. Ma she kept quiet. I would have talked back if I had been grown up like ma. Ma always keeps still when pa scolds. We children didn't make any noise when we played.

By and by the pump took a long breath, just like it was gasping, and ma went quick and pumped. The water came splendidly.

Pa was real cheerful when he came home, looking at the pump.

Ma smiled and talked just like herself to pa. Bridget sang "Little drops of water" and we children made our usual racket. I hate to have pumps freeze up.



WINTER CROPS.

"OH, Uncle Joshua! What do you raise out here winter time?"

UNCLE JOSHUA—"Alas, my little man! nothing but whiskers."

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A MISCALCULATION.

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Mr. Newlywed (in politics)—"I deceived myself, dear! I honestly thought that you had a barrel!"—Judge.

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Filipino Bolomen Surrender.

AN HISTORIC SCENE IN THE OLD CHURCH AT VIGAN, WHERE TWENTY-TWO HUNDRED FORMER REBELS TAKE THE OATH OF ALLEGIANCE TO UNCLE SAM.

AN event that will be almost certain to prove the beginning of the end of organized guerrilla warfare in northern Luzon took place in the handsome old Spanish church at Vigan on Sunday, December 2d. Twenty-two hundred men, all but 500 of whom had been bolomen under Generals Tinio and Conque, having surrendered, took the oath of allegiance to the United States. It was done, too, under circumstances of the

Spanish shouts of: "Vivan los Estados Unidos! Vivan! Vivan!" (Long live the United States!).

The crowd broke and scattered through the town. The respect of recent enemies for each other is a natural characteristic of fighting men. It seemed as if the little brown men found themselves unable to sufficiently display their admiration, their cordiality. They doffed their hats whenever an American officer passed. They fraternized with the rank and file, and many an American soldier came perilously near the guard-house term through frequent libations of that mysterious and gravity-destroying Filipino liquor, *vino*, so freely and heartily offered to them by the natives.

It is good news, indeed, to our American soldiers in the Philippines that such a horde of bolomen will not have to be reckoned with in the future.

Dangerous as the native with the Mauser is, a charge through a throng of bolomen is even more dreaded by our superb fighting men. In a Philippine action the gun-bearers of the enemy engage our soldiers. They are whipped at the instant that the American yell and charge begin, and they flee promptly. But the American soldiers know, when they rush forward, that the long grass is alive with prostrate or crouching bolomen.

The advancing soldier is within a dozen feet, or less, of his hitherto hidden enemy when he perceives him. The boloman leaps to his feet. The soldier aims his rifle, or makes a lunge with his bayonet. The Filipino dodges, leaps forward, and they are at close quarters. The fiendish cleverness and agility with which these natives can handle the bolo is a wicked marvel. They are at arm's length, and the Filipino's favorite stroke with his bolo is a slanting blow across the abdomen. The soldier, at such close quarters, is hampered by the length of his rifle and bayonet. With the instinctive aversion of all northern races to a contest with knives, the soldier has far more dread of fighting bolomen than of facing foes armed with rifles.

The bolo is a curious weapon, distinctively Malaysian in its origin. The favorite material for its construction in Luzon is a fish-plate forced up from the railway bed. At a rudimentary forge in the jungle, with a flat stone for an anvil and a "belows" made of a length of bamboo, through which the helper blows, the native artisan quickly fashions a short, thick blade to which there is little point and of which the edge is all in effectiveness. A handle, crudely whittled out of wood, is fitted, and the weapon is ready. It is ten times more deadly in the hands of a brave, trained warrior than the Cuban *machete*. The most realistic portrayal of a fight with bolomen was the drawing contributed some time ago to *LESLIE'S WEEKLY* by Sydney Adamson, then our artist-correspondent in the Philippines and now in China. The drawing shows the combat at the moment of first contact.

Ilocos Sur, the province in which this important surrender took place, is on the northwestern coast of Luzon. To the north is Ilocos Norte, while southward is the province of La Union, and to the east are the provinces of Abra and the districts of Tiagan and Lepanto. Besides the indigenous Ilocanos, who number about 150,000, there are some 6,000 or 7,000 Igorrotes and Negritos—two of the most ignorant and savage tribes in the Philippines—and a few Tinguijanes, who are very much like the Ilocanos, the latter being a very intelligent people, eager and quick to learn, of highly religious tendency and usually docile under good treatment. The surrender of 1,200 of these bolomen at Santa Maria, and the balance at Vigan, is the most important and extensive submission that has yet taken place among insurgents long and bitterly opposed to us.

From Iloilo, the principal city of the Island of Panay, and, indeed, the city next in importance to Manila itself, comes the good news that the insurgents in that vicinity are swearing allegiance at the rate of 1,000 a day. Many prominent insurgents were arrested on Panay a short time ago, and the rank and file, becoming discouraged, are surrendering not only at Iloilo, but at Jaro, Molo, Mandurriao, and Arevela. The insurrection against our authority has never been as keen and dogged, however, in the southern islands as it is on Luzon. H. I. H.

Pith and Point.

HENRY ELLING, president of the Union Bank and Trust Company of Helena, Mont., who died a few days ago, came to this country from Germany thirty years ago a poor and friendless lad. He left an estate valued at \$3,000,000. The preaching of the demagogues and alarmists about the poor growing poorer and young men having no chance finds no support in facts like this.

Three young men dead and one seriously if not fatally injured as the result of Thanksgiving foot-ball games is an outcome of this form of amusement not likely to increase its popularity among American parents. Young men who come to their death in this way are almost invariably persons above the average in intelligence, spirit, and manly vigor, the very class of young men that the country needs and can least afford to lose.

The number of more or less prominent persons who have arrived at a solution of the servant-girl problem seems to be greater than ever this season. One of them sees a way out of all difficulties—for the servant-girls—in the formation of labor unions among these wage-earners, whereby they may be able to

institute boycotts, strikes, and other things of that sort against cruel and tyrannical mistresses. Another solution, for the benefit of the other side of the house, is offered by a noted Western preacher, who thinks that the way of salvation here lies in the establishment of schools where young women may be trained in the specific duties of servants by experts in that department. Whether these solvents really solve anything or not, they help some people to think that the millennium is hastening along, and that is worth something.

Americans Win the Great Cycle-race.

It is close and exciting sport when, at the end of a six-day bicycle-race, the winner achieves victory by a lead of only



FILIPINO BOLOMEN COMING INTO VIGAN UNDER A FLAG OF TRUCE TO NEGOTIATE THE SURRENDER OF A THOUSAND OF THEIR ASSOCIATES.

greatest enthusiasm, and the result is certain to discourage those of the *insurrectos* who are still active in the northern portion of the island of Luzon.

Twelve hundred bolomen had surrendered at Santa Maria a few days before that memorable Sunday. The remaining thousand of the rebels thronged the roads leading to Vigan on Saturday and Sunday, joining those from Santa Maria. All were emphatic in their declarations that they were heartily tired of Aguinaldo and his chiefs, and many asserted their entire willingness to take up arms in behalf of the United States and go out against their erstwhile comrades. General Samuel B. M. Young, one of our famous fighting cavalrymen, and the commanders of his expeditionary columns have been active for months in and around the province of Ilocos Sur, of which Vigan is the capital. The insurgents have been pursued here relentlessly, with severe losses. Their bolomen have perished by hundreds. The insurgent supplies have been cut off or destroyed in such quantities that hunger doubtless had much to do with this important surrender.

Early Sunday morning the church at Vigan was surrounded by a swarm of men jabbering in many languages and dialects. Besides Spanish and Tagalog, they talked excitedly in Ilocano, Tinguijan, and Camanay, the latter three being the tongues of Ilocos Sur. In addition to these there were some whose only form of speech was the Apayao of Ilocos Norte, the Ibanag or Itaves dialects of Cagayan, or the Pangasinan. The hubub was made greater by the presence of hundreds of women who had also surrendered; for the Filipino is so utterly a family man that he generally takes his wife into the field with him—to carry his supplies for him. The Filipino woman, of course, takes no part in the fighting, but her husband knows in what part of the jungle to seek her when he is hungry.

Khaki-clad sentries patrolled the streets of quaint old Vigan that Sunday morning. There was a possibility of a treacherous outbreak, though the presence of the women was a fair guarantee against that danger. When General Young and his staff rode down the street at a brisk trot the air was rent with shouts of "Viva el General Young!" There was the roar, too, of guttural Malay dialects as the general and those following him took off their hats in acknowledgment of the ovation. The band in the plaza struck up "My country, 'tis of thee," and the cheering became frantic as the grand old hymn rolled out from lusty American throats.

By the time that all had found place in the church it was so crowded that room could not have been made for a dozen more. General Young was cheered again as he stood up to begin his exhortation. As a part of his discourse he dwelt upon the meaning of loyalty, and explained what the United States people hoped to do for his hearers. Dozens of interpreters distributed through the throng translated the speech, which was punctuated with *vivas* and guttural cheers. Then the *padre* of the church came to the fore at the altar. There was deep silence as he began to speak. When he came to the oath, he administered it with all the impressive ceremony of the Roman Catholic Church. He followed this with a sermon on the new conditions, and urged the people to remain in the embrace of American protection.

When it was all over the former bolomen filed out. Grouped near the flag-pole from which "Old Glory" floated was the band. A line of our troops stood under arms. As the strains of "The Star-spangled Banner" rose the troops presented arms. Officers and soldiers not in line stood at attention and doffed their tattered campaign hats. The little brown men pulled off their ragged straw head-coverings. Even the women removed the straw baskets from their heads, deposited them at their feet, and stood up mute and motionless. As the last note died out the soldiers broke into a cheer. It was drowned in tempestuous



MCFARLAND, THE WINNER OF THE SIX-DAY RACE, JUST BEFORE THE LAST DASH.

three feet. That was the record of McFarland, of the American team of Elkes and McFarland, in the recent contest at Madison Square Garden, New York. The score of the winning team was 2,628 miles and seven laps. The Canadians, Pierce and McEachern, represented by the former rider at the finish, made the same number of miles and laps, less the three feet by which they lost. Gouglitz, of Gouglitz and Simar, the swift French cyclists, scored but one lap less, while Kaser and Ryser, the German riders, satisfied that they were out of the race, but sure of fourth place, left the track two hours before the finish, having covered 2,586 miles and four laps.

There were twenty-eight starters, or fourteen teams, at the beginning of the week, but at the finish only the three with the best records were represented. In each team the members rode alternately, one relieving the other as often as necessary. In training quarters, as soon as he came from the track, each man was handled with the care and skill that is bestowed upon thoroughbred racing-horses. Despite this incessant attention all of the members of the speedier teams were far more dead than alive when they left the track for the last time. They had been through six days of man-killing work. For this the leaders were paid as follows: Elkes and McFarland, \$1,500; Pierce and McEachern, \$1,000; Gouglitz and Simar, \$750. Bonuses were also paid the riders. These extra amounts, though not made public, are believed to have been small.

A pitiable feature of the race was the necessity of keeping up each rider's vitality on the most severe stimulants, such as nitro-glycerine, strichnine, and arsenic. Though these drugs were given in tiny doses the cumulative effect upon the men was such that their collapses at the end of the race were doubtless even more due to dosing than to physical excesses. It was a fearful ordeal at terrible prices in health—but it was certainly sport for the crowd. As it was, the record was not lowered, that established by Miller and Waller at the garden the year before being 2,733 miles and four laps.

Nailed the Chap.

HER FATHER IN THE SAME MIND.

"I NEVER thought for one moment that coffee was the cause of my worn-out feeling and dull headaches and energy all gone until I began to notice that my bad feelings came on every morning after drinking coffee for breakfast, no matter how well I felt when I got up."

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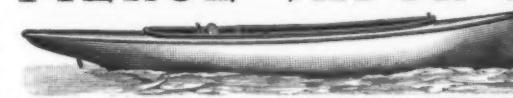
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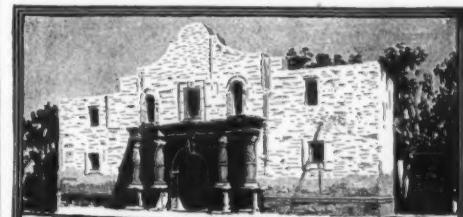
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